THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1945-1946

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

This Volume
is complete.

CLP

6-29-88

Entered
7/15/92
PS

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

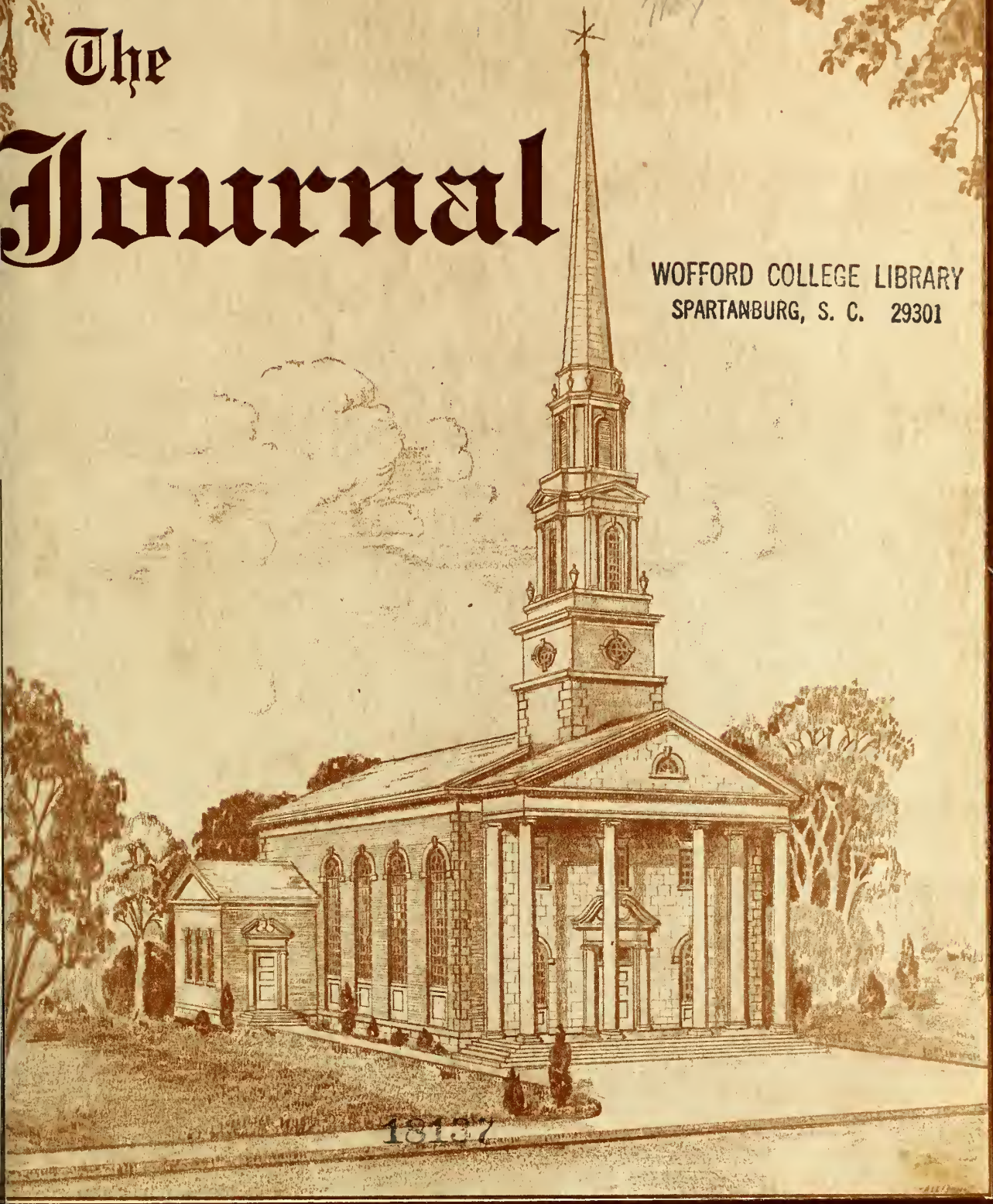
For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

REC'D 1 1 1951

The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301



18137

all 1945

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

The Journal

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

VOLUME LVI — NUMBER ONE

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, JR. ..... *Editor*

HOWARD B. NORTON ..... *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

D. G. MCTEER, *Art* — HERBERT C. FLOYD

R. K. ISLEY — BOBBY COLLINS

BUSINESS STAFF

ROBERT BOYKIN — ROBERT SWOFFORD

CONTENTS

FICTION— PAGE

The Passageway—Charles D. Williams 7

NON-FICTION—

The Glory That Is Greece—John P. Mandanis 4

The Art of Digging Wells—J. Q. Hill 6

The Discrepancies of the Silver Screen 8

POETRY—

Dreamer—Warren L. Molton 11

FEATURES—

With the Editor 2

Among the Books 15

BUY VICTORY BONDS!

Rey's

SPARTANBURG'S QUALITY JEWELERS

153 EAST MAIN STREET

BUY VICTORY BONDS!

With the Editor

SMALL SCHOOL

What is the difference between a small college and a large university? A university offers a greater number of more varied subjects, has more money for better and larger facilities, and a better football team, yet there are a few advantages found only in the smaller college.

One is the personal acquaintance with the professors. To them you are Johnny Jones, an ex-soldier from Union, who will be able to get along with a little extra help in math, instead of being the boy who sits in seat number 44 in Chemistry 1-c and ranks in the middle group of the grading curve.

Another is having a chance at student government, or public speaking, or publications, or the baseball team, instead of feeling like another cog in the student-body machine.

Still another is in being able to say, "Bill Smith? Sure I know him; he rooms right down the hall," instead of, "Why no, I don't believe I do. He must live on the West Campus."

These things are enjoyed by all who attend a small college, and no amount of money can bring them to the large university.

YOUTH AND SUFFRAGE

Our neighbor state, Georgia, now allows eighteen-year olds to vote. In doing this she is outnumbered forty-seven to one by the other states who don't quite see the reasoning in this permission. Are persons of this age qualified to assume the responsibility of suffrage?

The officials in the War Department demand soldiers of this age group, for they tell us that this is the best age for boundless energy, flexibility, and adaptability. So great is the demand for this particular age group that students are taken from their studies to satisfy it.

Yes, their minds are adaptable. They are approaching the age of best mental functioning. There are students of political science, law, philosophy, and psychology. To assume that they know no more than the average man on the street, who can't even explain the electoral system of presidential selection, is ridiculous.

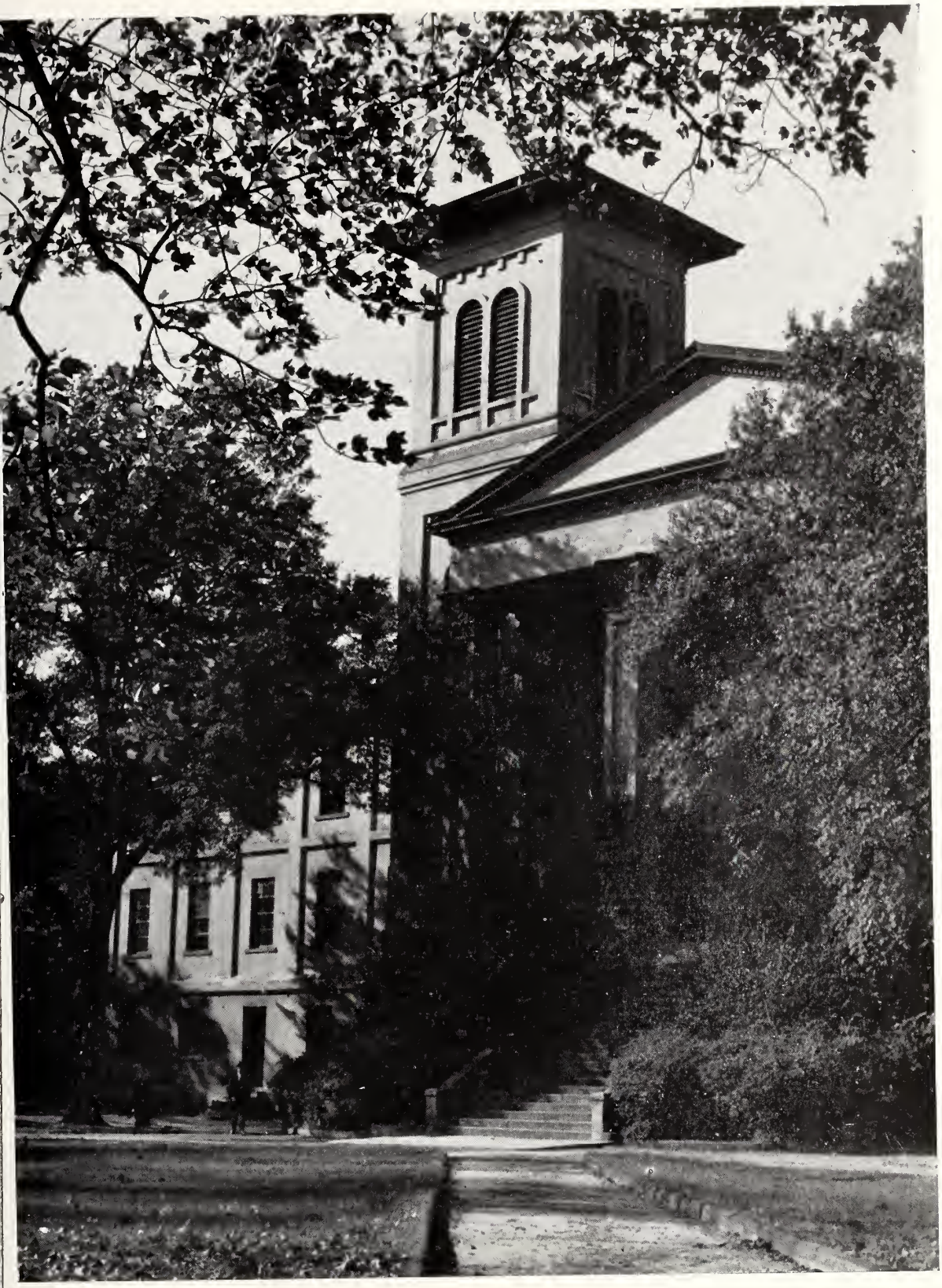
Their minds are flexible. This doesn't mean they can be easily swayed. College life has taught them to rely on intellect instead of on emotion. They can easily recognize a Bilbo and other demagogues closer home for what they are. They can see both sides of a question without narrow-mindedness.

And what about those who have not continued their educations and are not intellectually prepared to vote? Eliminate them with a stiff educational provision. Suffrage should be based upon intelligence rather than physical age.

With such problems as compulsory military training arising, are the persons affected entitled to a say-so, or must they abide by a decision bolstered by uneducated laborers and fearful, middle-aged armchair generals?

THE COVER

On the cover is our War Memorial Chapel, which now exists only in the minds and hearts of the designers of the New Wofford. We sincerely hope that within a short time it will become a very real and living symbol of a very real and living Spirit.



THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE

JOHN P. MANDANIS

Once upon a time, somewhere along the northern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, among the foamy and joyful waves of the blue waters, under the bluest sky and the brightest sun in the world, a small country was born. Her glory, her culture, have survived after so many centuries, and history has much to say about that ancient Greece of Homer, Socrates, Plato, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Eurypides, Pindarus, Thucydides, Pericles and Aristotle. The descendants of those ancient Greeks are still living on the same soil, and the green valleys and the bare mountains still give the same grain, wine, and olives to the humble villagers.

Greece has passed through many glories and troubles throughout the ages: the glorious age of Pericles, followed by the Roman Conquest; then the glory of the Byzantine Empire, followed by the Turkish Conquest, which lasted for four long centuries; finally, the revolution against the conqueror in 1821 and the establishment of the new nation. The Greek mind passed through all these alternations of history untouched. On those gray mountains from where one can watch the waves playing with the pebbles, there still exist some men who speak almost the language of Athenians and Spartans, deprived as they are of the influence of our modern civilization.

Greece of today: how difficult to describe her after five years that have been the hardest period of her history. What an unfortunate country indeed!

October 28, 1940. Ready to leave my home and go to Athens to start my medical course in the University, I suddenly got the unexpected news that I had to modify my plans for a prosperous and careless future. Italy had declared war on Greece. The dreams of my eighteen years were shattered like a group of little birds hidden in the thick verdure of a tree, that suddenly are shot by the merciless gun of the hunter. Among those disappointments and fears, among those anxious questions, I became aware of a strange happiness. My curiosity would be satisfied now. War would not be a simple meaningless word anymore. It would take its real significance; it would become our life itself. I should have the experience I had sought for so anxiously.

And victories were followed by victories, and the eyes of the world were wide open in surprise. This small nation, playing hard upon the string of its national enthusiasm and ideals, dissolved the well-fed myth of an undefeated enemy. The rocky mountains of Albania echoed and re-echoed the triumphant shouts of the brave Greek soldier. Their letters were speaking about the incredible miracle, and our hearts were overflowing with pride and happiness. The future was a wide and smooth road lined with flowers and full of promise. But behind those Greek bodies the wolf was lurking, and the innocent lamb would presently be devoured. It was on April 6, 1941, when we awoke from our pleasant and deceitful sleep. Germany had declared war against Greece.

After twenty days of superhuman endeavor, after those long twenty days of desperate struggle to escape the inevitable end, that glorious nation which had once more shown its magnificent capacities, which had surpassed in bravery even those valiant ancestors of Themopyles and Marathon, was overcome by the mechanical power of the tank and the "Stukas."

And so, one of the most critical periods of Greek history had begun. One's reaction, after those years of occupation, is too difficult to translate into a few indefinite words. It is the experience I had so much longed for. It is satisfied curiosity. It is a reality, a vivid and striking reality which even now affects my life. I have become a thoughtful man who

"John Mandanis, now a sophomore at Wofford College, lived in Greece until July of this year. This is his impressive story of that country's struggle for existence."

looks at life in meditative mood and tries to understand people. During these last years I have lived life in its simplest and starkest form, when man forgets that he is an intellectual creature and becomes a mass of moving bones and muscles. For gradually we become that kind of creatures. Our stomachs were our brains, and our brains were digesting what our strong imaginations brought to us in abundance.

The Germans and Italians had settled down like masters in their own homes. Our terrified eyes fixed upon them with the vague and invisible flame of hatred which burned our hearts and prepared us for the final revenge towards which we were directing our trembling feet. We were the undefeated and proud slaves who seemed to be humiliated.

And then the unforgettable winter of 1941-42 carried us to the climax of our miseries. Oh! Those terrible shadows of half-living creatures with the projected palm and the weak voice asking for a small piece of bread and never receiving reply, those mothers, with the three or four children, leaning against the walls of the central buildings of the capitol of Greece; that poor little boy who had to die under the cruel boot of the German, only because he had dared to steal a loaf of bread; that miserable young woman battered into shapelessness in the middle of the street by a German truck, unaware as she had been of what was happening around her; those uncounted dead men and women piled up in our anatomy laboratories. Oh! how can I banish such harsh memories? They will last till the end of my life, reminding me of the privilege I was granted to survive after having passed through that earthly hell.

But the voices of the starving people were heard on the other side of the free, happy world. This free, happy world had been transformed into Paradise by our imagination. Imagination was our hope and consolation. We lived but for the sake of seeing the dawn of that day which would come sometime, somehow. I had read somewhere an English proverb that cheered my soul: "Dawn comes after the darkest hour." I had many times thought that the darkest hour had come and that dawn would naturally follow. But days became months and months formed a considerable number of years before we were able to look at that dawn.

The breezes of the summer of 1943 brought fresh and alive the material greeting of the free man. The International Red Cross began its wonderful work, and human lives were saved; nevertheless the continuous struggle for our living had to go on.

In the meantime our social life was changing. The poor became all of a sudden rich, and the rich man was compelled to give his place to the new master.

But life became LIFE when the first execution of hostages took place. Everybody was expecting that because of the great increase in sabotage and German deaths. The partisans on the mountains had formed large regular-army groups. And fifty or a hundred young hostages had to die each time a German soldier or officer was killed.

Gradually this became the usual news of the day. Everyone of us expected his turn to come. And the fading memory of the Italians, who had capitulated in the meantime, was much better than that of their successors. Nobody seemd to care for the lives of the young men who had died the last night. But under this calmness something was stirring in our hearts—hatred continuously increasing and a desire for revenge. Those cruel robots of Hitler should learn to be men with hearts. Many young men gave their lives in order to save some other's life. That seemed to be the darkest hour indeed. And dawn was near—

October 14, 1944. The first troops of Free-

(Continued on Page 12)

THE ART OF DIGGING WELLS

J. Q. HILL

To anyone who states regretfully that the era of true adventure into the unknown has passed, I submit the proposition that he follow me in this brief inspection into the truth or falsity of that statement. Mark before going further the use of the word "regretfully." I want as followers none other than true believers, those who stand in awe at the unrolling of a new panorama, those who believe with me that the greatest of words are yet to be spoken, the greatest songs yet to be sung. No cynics will be tolerated, those blasphemers who stand on the sidelines and make puerile, futile efforts to be funny because, looking at the very things upon which we gaze, they fail to see what our eyes behold.

Now let us, perforce an elite group, take thought among ourselves as to where we shall go, what regions, or conditions in any regions, shall we choose as a proving ground for an assumption that there still exists in the scheme of things certain elements or qualities which are capable of quickening the adventurous spirit of anyone who will submit himself to the influence of these elements or qualities.

Indeed, to the questing eye of the mind, there appears no dearth of possibilities for this purpose. Let us, however, choose one which at first might seem very prosaic and down-to-earth. Let us literally descend into the earth in our search. And what have we then? A hole in the ground? If that be your answer you should leave us at this very point. No! It is so much more than that. It is a doorway into the mysterious, the unseen, unknown regions in which we ourselves are the Balboas, the Columbuses, the Pasteurs and the Curies.

Exploration has ever entailed ardous labor, so we must dig this well ourselves. As we sink pick and spade into the ground, the idea occurs that now, as we penetrate the earth's crust, we have started on a journey whose final destination no man has ever attained. Who has seen this planet at its core? Who is acquainted with the multiplicity of caverns within the earth? Who can say it is not a hollow sphere containing within it another world? As we pierce the outer layer of soil, then enter and pass through the red clay subsoil, the thought comes that even now we stand where no man has stood before. This is virgin territory. Since the earth was created, this spot, some fifteen feet below the surface, has existed untouched and now it is our feet that are treading it. We descend still further, through new vistas, unseen by any eyes except ours. Finally our digging instrument scrapes against a solid substance. We have "struck rock." A sharper blow breaks off a piece and we hold in our hands a substance that was evolved when the earth was going through a period of transition from flaming gases and liquids to a state of solidarity, after having been hurled or drawn with massive force from the parent sun.

This is adventure and these are the joys experienced by those who dared. Yet there are those who, when one speaks of a well, merely remark stupidly, "It's a deep subject, isn't it?"

THE PASSAGEWAY

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

The human mind has always held a great fascination for me. For though man has always sought for the strange and unknown, yet who has yet completely explored the dark and intricate passageways of the mind, those thought paths that lead to brilliancy or insanity? Take the case of Henry Moore . . .

I shall never forget my first impression of the "Hospital." The massive building stood in granite relief against a moonlit sky. A rocky road led from the iron gate upward to the heavy oaken front door. An iron plaque bore the single inscription, "Drake."

The interior was dimly lit, revealing heavy furniture and a strange bareness unenhanced by an overpowering stuffiness. Two long halls lined with oaken doors converged on the parlor. These doors, I learned later, opened into the private rooms of the patients. There was a strange quietness without the slightest intimation of violence.

I was received by the superintendent, a wan-looking graying nurse. There is little to say about the rest of the staff: a few interns and nurses, all with that pale, overworked appearance. Dr. Long, whom I had replaced, was the only psychiatrist and physician in the institution.

My duties seemed overwhelming at first but there were few patients, none excessively violent, and I soon was adjusted to a daily routine. For the most part, the patients were tolerably well-to-do, Drake being a private institution. Many were simple cases of neuroses—neurasthenia, and hysteria, requiring such simple measures as rest cures.

My experiences with the patients often proved more enjoyable than with the staff. I made a habit of conversing with everyone daily and knowing the personal interests of each, but there was one case that completely baffled me.

Henry Moore was a psychotic with maniac depressive tendencies. He was a well-known author and critic and approaching middle age, yet his hair remained jet black, his eyes intelligent, his complexion ruddy. Thick black brows underscored the wrinkles in his forehead when he was deep in thought. Most of the time he acted like any normal human being, with the exception of being extremely brilliant and thoughtful. Philosophy was a dear delight for him, and we would spend many hours in enjoyable discussion. He would throw out challenging questions, and I would sit in amazement at his cool logical reasoning.

"There is a fallacy in our educational system," he would say. "The student today is confronted with an apparently endless number of subjects, all with their own individual bodies of facts to be learned and all unrelated to each other. As a result, our colleges are turning out men with only a smattering of different ideas with no practical application. The student should be taught these subjects with an emphasis on their relation to one another, in forming a unity of known truth."

One night as I was falling into that state of semi-consciousness before sleep, a piercing scream rent the very rafters of the building. Thoughts raced rapidly through my mind. Between the coldness of the room and the thought of a violent patient, I found myself trembling. Before I could get to the door, I heard the patter of the head nurse's feet going down the hall. She turned as I opened the door. "It's Mr. Moore," she said.

I couldn't believe it, but there he was. Henry Moore was a pitiful sight as he held his head in his hands and jerked with uncontrollable sobs. Before him on a card table was a half-finished jigsaw puzzle. Upon my entrance, he looked up and said simply, "I—couldn't—put it—together."

(Continued on Page 10)

The Discrepancies of The Silver Screen

RICHARD K. ISLEY

While many movie-goers find the efforts of Hollywood moving and stirring, others look on its products as immoral and degenerate. I must admit that I cannot willingly hold completely with the view of either extremist. Indeed, I find the film dramas, comedies, etc., amusing if not ludicrous. Their stereotyped efforts at attaining suspense and emotion are so infantile that if one were to view them analytically he would find them really laugh provoking.

Before discussing the plots in more detail and before considering specific pictures, let us go over a few of the camera techniques, props, settings, and various other devices that the production men have never stopped using even though they have been driven so deep into good old mother earth that we might even surmise Mephistopheles has encountered them in some of his civic excursions around limbo.

First, let us take one of the more common scenes, which will illustrate their usual approach to a passionate and heart-rending love scene. The camera is very close to the principals, who in this instance are a man and woman desperately in love. (We are not speaking of any specific picture.) They are both in Nazi Germany before "D" day and are planning to slip into Holland, by way of France, and then keep their rendezvous with a British patrol boat which is supposed to slip them across the English channel. Unknown to our darling hero, his girl friend has bought his freedom at a great price. She is going to deceive him by letting him go first and then she is to report back to the local Gestapo where, after meeting with the grim and brutal Germans, she will lead them to the hiding place of the papers that everyone has been trying to lay his lunch hooks on. But on to the scene itself: As I mentioned before, the camera is very close. This is to hide the hero's irregular and too prominent jaw and also to afford the prop men an opportunity to place a platform under the leading lady so that her short stature will not be detected by the theatre audience. A soft lens is used. This is to eliminate that demon, "Shadow." It also helps to cover up the blemishes on Miss B——'s allegedly flawless complexion and effectively hides the shame of Mr. D——'s latest binge. They are very close together, and stirring and melancholy music is heard. In most cases, they use something from Verdi's "La Traviata," "The New World," "Romeo and Juliet." In nine cases out of ten, you would not be wrong if you said, "None But the Lonely Heart." Where this music comes from is always a mystery, especially since they are on a deserted wharf. At any rate, the music continues and the hero begins talking in very subdued tones. The best linguists have worked for hours with him to overcome his atrocious pronunciation of French names, but he still commits second-degree murder on them. A halo of light sparkles from the heroine's faultlessly set hair, which is difficult to explain under the circumstances. Finally after much groaning, hugging, and just plain "smooching" they make such avowals of fidelity and loyalty, and love, as would make a politician blush. You ask, how does the scene close? You probably know already, but I'll tell you anyway: the hero walks slowly away into the steadily engulfing fog and the heroine buries her head in a Kleenex and weeps her heart silently out.

Having said something of the clumsily executed attempts of Hollywood at suspense and

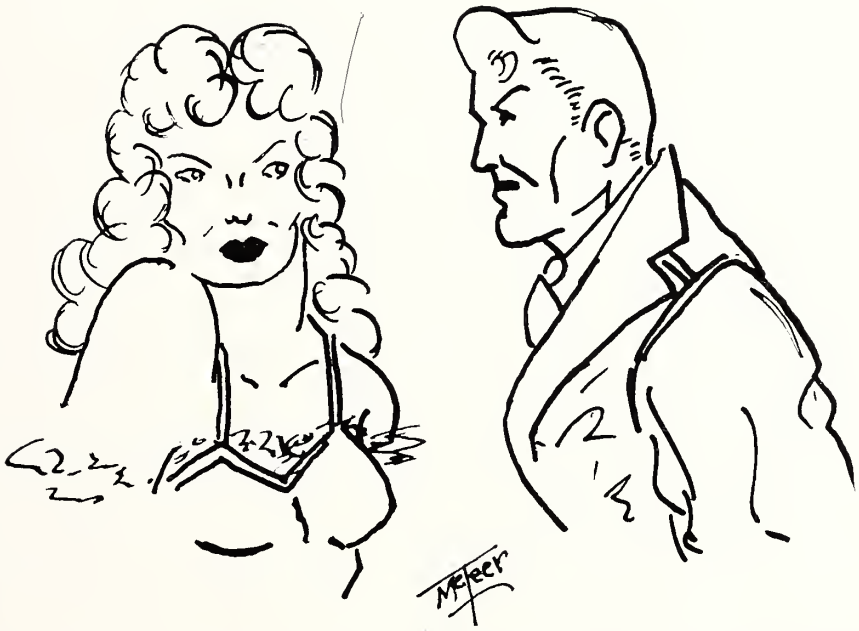
emotion as pertains to love and the artifices practiced upon the theatre-going public, let us go on with a survey of specific pictures.

For example let us take a picture produced in the early part of last year, "Best Foot Forward." This deformed brain child of a warped mind and a mercenary heart was billed as "the greatest picture of the time: a galaxy of fun and entertainment." Of course such travesties of just representation of a product are committed every time Hollywood brings out a new picture: it is always the best that has ever been produced. The plot is simple; indeed, were you only to change the names of the characters and a few of the settings, it would pass for a hundred similar pictures already produced.

Let us turn again to the plot. Lucille Ball and her publicity agent are desperate for a new idea to deceive the public. (This is one of the few true-to-life incidents of the picture.) Finally the brilliant agent hits on the scheme of going to a boys' academy (in answer to one of the inmates' request to see Miss Ball.) The lesson being taught is that a tin goddess can descend and, casting aside all her tinsel and make-up, walk among men. This scene closes with the prop men violently rocking the dummy day-coach and the scenarians blissfully pulling the painted backdrop of a peaceful and happy countyside past the coach windows.

The next scene takes us into a lavishly furnished setting which is supposed to represent a boys' dormitory. You would never be able to detect this were it not for the school pennants and trophies ostensibly displayed. Two boys in their teens are excitedly and in the best dramatic school manner talking about Miss Ball's telegram announcing her arrival. Then one young prodigy snaps his finger as he suddenly remembers that there will be a slight but conventional complication when his own girl, who is coming in from the sticks, meets the painted doll from the film capital. This scene closed with consternation quite apparent.

I need not take you through the rest of this sordid piece of tom-foolery. You don't have to use your imagination very much to predict the end. I suddenly remember that I have not touched on the horror pictures or the Westerns, yet.



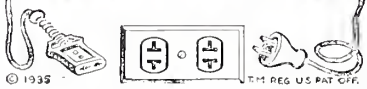
A survey of one horror picture will suffice: let us take, "Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man." The first of this monster series produced was passable and it would have been much better for everyone if they had let a

(Continued on Page 14)

Reddy Remarks

Thirty days hath September, April, June and Novembtr, etc.—and I work every day every month. No holidays or vacations for me.

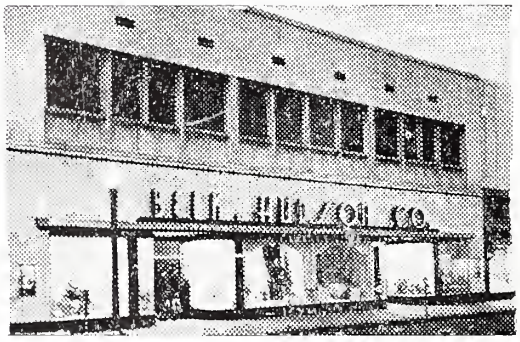
Duke Power Co.



Welcome

WOFFORD STUDENTS

To



SPARTANBURG'S MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

THE PASSAGEWAY

(Continued from Page 7)

The next day I had the puzzle quietly removed from his room, deciding it to be a source of unpleasant conditioning. Upon learning of its absence, Henry flew into a rage so serious that it subsided only on the return of the puzzle.

All remained serene for a while. Henry was again rational, even apologetic for his behavior. He worked diligently on his puzzle, and it was rapidly taking shape—a rather pretty landscape painting.

"My life is like an unresolved chord of music," he once said, "preceding the final major tonic."

Moore had a third attack just when he appeared most improved. Again he awakened the whole building with his shrieks and sobs. The first thing I noted was the jigsaw puzzle that he had been working on. It was complete except for one tiny piece in the center.

"It's missing," he screamed at me, "there's a part missing!"

His attack was very much prolonged this time. Eventually he calmed down but did not return to normal. Day by day, he brooded, ate and talked little.

"Knowledge is like that puzzle," he said sadly. "It all fits together except for one missing scrap."

He grew steadily worse. His physical and mental being seemed to deteriorate with every passing day of deeper melancholia.

One day the janitor brought me a bit of cardboard he had found in the trash. I recognized it as belonging to Moore's puzzle and decided to take it to him.

He was sitting on his bed staring at the ceiling when I entered. He took the piece in disbelief and slowly fitted it into the puzzle. "It fits!" he cried. "It's complete!" A tremor passed over his body as if he were going into another fit, but instead he fell upon the bed, limp and relaxed.

Two months later I signed his release, for from that day he was as sane as you or I.

Who has explored the dark and intricate passageways of the mind?

DREAMER

Dreaming, Dreamer, of the Past?
Wond'ring how they flew so fast—
Those youthful joys you'd hoped would last?

Do not, O Soul, my thoughts blaspheme.
The Past I hold in high esteem.
Call not my memories a dream.
They are to me my very life.
They lift my heart from out my strife.
With by-gone thoughts my day is rife.

Dreaming Dreamer, you cannot live,
Without some thought to future give.
Preterit days weren't lucrative.

Be still, my Soul, the Past is mine.
Your words to me are unbenign.
You wish to take my joy divine?

Not so, Dreamer, yours *is* the Past.
I do not want you down to cast
Those blissful thoughts you hold so fast;
For well I know your heart's near breaking,
But now 'tis time you were awaking,
And of Present joys partaking.

Rejoice, O Heart, my Soul has won.
Truly life has *now* begun.
The Future blooms—the Past is done.

—*Warren L. Molton.*

THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE

(Continued from Page 5)

dom crossed the streets of Athens. A few hours before, the terrified Germans had left the city and the ruins of the buildings and factories. Nobody could believe his eyes. Dawn had given place to the day. But the day was full of clouds, and complicated political matters took their manifestation under passionate hatred. Greece confronted from that moment a new danger. Civil war was a probable result. That is why our happiness on the day of freedom was darkened by those feelings. . . . And the civil war came in last December and completed the work of the conqueror.

That morning of last July 19, a few hours before we got on the *Gripsholm*, the ship that carried us here, I passed for the last time through the central streets of Athens, my mind and soul overloaded with thoughts and feelings. A few passers-by were walking on the streets. They all seemed to be thoughtful and rather uneasy. The political situation was very much perplexed. The communist party was threatening again, and inflation was a bad sign for the future.

As I was looking at the feet of these passers-by, my heart filled with sympathy and understanding. I said, "I will never forget." Think of it! I might not see those men again. I should leave for another happy and calm world and they would keep on walking all day long and hunting the rare opportunities of a miserable life. The sun had already risen over the eastern mountains and the "sacred rock" of Acropolis appeared through the misty veil of the morning. A huge golden masterpiece of art it was. The Parthenon, the exquisite temple of the Goddess of Wisdom, whose name was given to Athens, lifted its stately columns through the melting drops of the mist. It seemed to me an immortal creature, an eternal symbol of beauty and wisdom, an alive example against the trivialties of our tortured days, a source of inspiration. I then turned my eyes to this moving world of ours. Ruined buildings and ruined lives. Numerous villages burned. A crowd of the walking dead who were standing by those ruins. The Germans, the Italians, the civil war had all passed from here . . . My glance fell upon those little boys who had already started their daily painful labor. They pierced the stillness of the morning with the shrillness of their childish voices touched by a vague hint of vulgarity and manly seriousness. They exchanged some words that would not have been uttered by boys of their age a few years before. I looked at their faces, hardened by the daily work, and felt a fear for their future. Their tender souls should not lose their freshness. Their eyes should find again the innocence of their careless age; their faces should glow again with their earnest and instinctive smiles. They should become children again.

We got on the deck of the *Gripsholm*. Two ardent tears appeared in my eyes. I saw them falling rapidly down and vanishing away among the rolling waves of the blue sea. This vast immortal sea, this bright sky, those bare mountains that come from the ages of history are the same waves and the same sky and the same mountains of ancient Greece. They have remained unaltered through the ages. And they will remain as they are, in the days and years and centuries to come. Only man and his societies change . . . change perpetually . . . something must change in this unfortunate land. People there are expecting the support of the United States of America. Dawn has not come yet and perhaps the darkest hour is still ahead. The unfortunate Princess of the Mediterranean must survive and be happy.

950 ON YOUR DIAL

WSPA

NEWS

SPORTS

MUSIC

ENTERTAINMENT

PORTRAITS
For The
Discriminating
Young Man
Should Be Made at

WEST STUDIOS

158½ East Main St. Phone 2311

— Also —

Choice Selection of
Leather and Metal Frames

Photo Stamps, 100 for $2.50
Suitable for Christmas Cards and Identification

Personalized Christmas Photo Cards
Made From Your Favorite
Picture

Welcome

WOFFORD

**CAROLINA – PALMETTO
STATE
THEATRES**

SPARTANBURG'S
BEST ENTERTAINMENT
STAGE and SCREEN

Since 1931 Spartanburg's Leading Jewelers

Kosch & Gray
SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS

Nationally Known — Watches
Diamonds
Jewelry

If It's From Kosch and Gray — *It's Guaranteed*

THE DISCREPANCIES OF THE SILVER SCREEN

(Continued from Page 9)

sleeping dog lie . . . or in this case, a sleeping monster lie. But these mercenary vandals, bent on nothing but achieving the touch of good king Midas, have ingloriously dragged forth the weary and bedraggled Frankenstein monster for no less than ten return "enragements." If memory serves me correctly, the impression was clearly left in the original picture (1929) that the monster could be killed in no other way than by fire; this was to "refine" the monster.

Well, to be brief, they did kill him by fire, as positively nothing else would do: a well-placed stick of dynamite would not do, a steam roller turned in the right direction would not do, or a good tap against the head with a two-by-four would not suffice. It took fire . . . so they killed him with fire.

Hollywood is blessed in many ways: the people live and work in a land of sunshine and oranges, (they are so generous that they ship us all the lemons), they never have any rain, and their homes would make Daddy Warbucks green with envy, but . . . they having one or two of their Rolls-Royces taken from them, they were desperate, and immediately began casting about in their minds for the shortest way to make some quick money. The only way open seemed to be a revival of the monster. So they brought him back; and since then they have kept on bringing him back and in the process becoming more absurd and impossible.

Now, on to the picture: I need not tell you that the opening scene depicts a swamp with stunted, twisted trees and vapor rising from the ground. This is standard in all horror pictures and can occur anywhere from Florida to Kalamazoo. A little further on we find the wolf man with a doctor friend of his traveling to the Frankenstein castle to search for the Journal of the good doctor that they may cure the wolf fever of Lon Chaney. It seems that the wolf man has a little malady he would like to clear up: when the moon rises (full moon), his romantic interest is revived and he just must rush out and embrace the first person . . . around the neck!

Anyway, the authorities can't account for this or for the superfluous, so the wolf man is also fleeing from his would-be captors. When they reach the castle, the miracles really begin: it seems that the good doctor is not only a competent physician but possesses extraordinary knowledge. Indeed, he is an accomplished mathematician, physicist, electrician, bricklayer, builder, cryptologist, and metaphysician into the bargain.

You could never guess in a million years what he did, so I am going to tell you. They are in the black mountains of Bohemia; they are miles from the smallest village; they possess no modern equipment; they have no means of communication; yet, what do they do? The good doctor rebuilds the castle, installs expensive laboratory equipment, deciphers the Frankenstein Journal, and does other things too numerous to mention, and

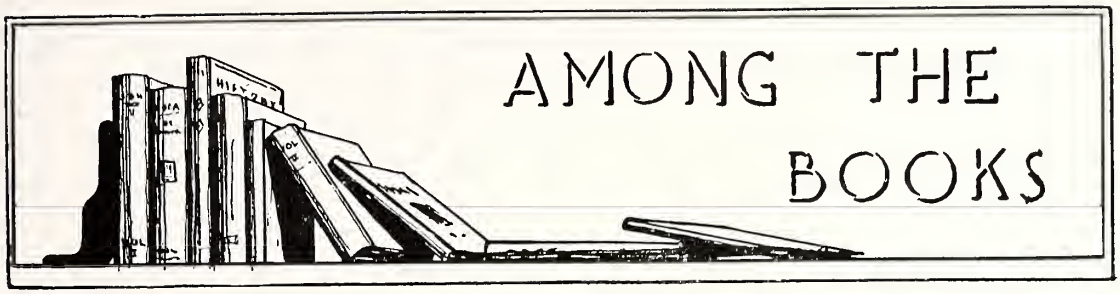
(Continued on Page 18)

1845 1945

THE DUPRE BOOK STORE

STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED

194 E. Main St. Phone 78



A LION IS IN THE STREETS

Adria Locke Langley
Whittlesley House
New York, 1945.

This is the chronicle of an obscure man's meteor rise from poverty and obscurity to the position of governor of one of our southern states.

The chapter headings are at least seldom used, if not new or original. Chapter one begins at the end (Morley and others have used this, of course) of the story and works back. However, the reader's interest does not abate when he reaches the second chapter and finds the author is merely filling in the vivid details. The chapter headings, starting with two, take the form of excerpts from the speech of Saber Milady, delivered in the state capitol over the casket of Hank Martin, the principal character.

The authoress' inability to hold the reader's complete attention is somewhat compensated for by her exceptional talent for description. Page thirteen, chapter two, affords us a good example: "Cypress Bend, she saw, had once been a fine plantation. There was the great old manor house, its once-gleaming white sides, now gray and scaling, two of its shutters hanging at absurd angles. It stood in the midst of magnolias and moss-hung live oaks, its pillars facing the unseen bayou. It had an immense dignity in spite of its slightly uncared-for look, serene with its heritage of splendid traditions."

Hank Martin, as a person, is an impossibility. The conclusion is not based entirely on the miraculous events attending his schooling and campaigning, but on the two remarkable aspects of his changeable personality.

His wife, Verity, a prim and sagacious little woman from New England, is real enough; indeed, we see her counterparts every day. The novelist has portrayed her part and action in the story very well. Verity does not have all the common sense, morals, or cunning that many women writers ascribe to their feminine leads: she really seems to stand at the sidelines, alternately marvelling and loathing her husband.

Miss Langley's analogies are interesting. In one instance, she compares an aristocratic land-owner (who oppresses the poor and illiterate) to a "black-skimmer." According to the novelist, who puts the words in the mouth of the principal, "a black skimmer is a heron species of fowl that skims low over a lake and scoops the small surface fish in his large beak without diminishing his speed in flight." Again, another aristocrat, who has befriended Hank and his wife, is treated analogously as a "Cypress tree."

The plot is slow moving but not slow in development. Character sketches are good, as far as they go, but sometimes leave the reader with a tinge of curiosity to know more about the persons or person in question. One glaring discrepancy is found in the matter of Hank quoting scripture. In ordinary conversation, Hank's speech is highly colored with local expressions and slang, but when he quotes *Proverbs*, the *Song of Solomon*, or *Psalms*, his English is perfect. True, he could have heard them quoted by an educated person, but this is not the case, however. He learned them from his grandmother, who seems to have been almost as uneducated as he. But this isn't important.

Outside of the above-mentioned, the plot

is simple, plausible, and reasonable.

The plot may be summarized briefly: Hank Martin, peddler, marries young and attractive Verity, who has received her schooling in the North but has migrated south because the educational standards are not as severe. The young couple settle on a tenant house located on the plantation of Jules Bolduc, a broken-down southern aristocrat of French descent. . . . If you think he is going to prove the third party to a certain triangle, you are all wet. He doesn't even get to second base. (He made short-stop, however.) . . . To hurry on: Jules helps Hank in his study for law and Hank, after juggling the system at the polls, accomplishes his first hope by becoming Commissioner of Highways. The poor and uneducated are, for the most part, behind him in this matter, but he is forced to fight and contrive skillfully to win the middle class to support him for his later office as governor. After becoming governor, he is a changed man; he has bought off certain members of the opposition party and absorbed others in state offices. Bribery, deceit, distrust, marks his administration.

The inevitable happens in his second term when he is shot by an unknown assassin, who supposedly commits this crime for the good of all.

The novel shows definite marks of being a strong psychological study, but the authoress seems to halt short of developing that aspect as fully as would have been required.

—*Richard K. Isley.*

Gifts For All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street

Phone 918 Spartanburg

Robkin & Gelburd

Spartanburg's Most Modern Men's and Boys' Wear Shop

•

"QUALITY"
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

•

156 East Main St. — Telephone 4147
Spartanburg, South Carolina

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale Druggist

CHARLESTON — SPARTANBURG
GREENVILLE
SOUTH CAROLINA

Wofford's First Launderers

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.

Phones 32 and 543

OPEN EVENINGS TELEPHONE 746

The Army Store

"Everything For The Soldier"

212 East Main Street

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Flowers For All Occasions

Fred's Flower Shop

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Building
Phone 1452

BAND & WHITE

Printers

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

H. LEE SMITH

SPARTANBURG'S LEADING

CLEANERS

Our Nearest Station to Wofford Men Is

282 NORTH CHURCH ST.

JARMAN SHOES DOBBS HATS

PRICE'S

"STORE FOR MEN"

113-115 North Church Street

MANHATTAN SHIRTS BEAU-BRUMMEL NECKWEAR

PHONE 237

Greenewald's, Inc.

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

•

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

EAT

AT

THE ELITE

•

"Where The Elite Meet To Eat"

VISIT

The Aug. W. Smith Co.

MEN'S SHOP

FOR THAT
WELL-GROOMED LOOK . . .

Greene's Barber Shop

•

"ON THE WAY TO TOWN"

The Discrepancies of the Silver Screen

(Continued from Page 14)

makes the monster tick again. Isn't that remarkable! So reasonable, logical, and natural.

Just a brief glance at the Westerns will serve to show my original point of the humor in the movies.

Let your imagination carry you to the Golden West, where men are men, women are women, and horse is just any old nag. Back to the days where blanks spoke and posses rode. Back to the days of the rocking stage coach and the opportunity for the hero to display his superior ability and impractical pearl-handled pistols. In one picture I saw, some time back, the hero had staggered from a bar in time to see the handsome but cruel-faced villian escaping on his black nag. Do you know what happened? No, the hero didn't jump on his bronco and take off after him, only to bring him to the ground later with a cheap display of showmanship. Did he shoot him with the cannon at his side? No . . . I'm sorry, you're wrong again. Well, what did he do? You may well ask. Now, the hero just happened to have a stick of dynamite in his hand. In a split second, he timed Simon Legree's speed, the length of the fuse, the dangers to himself and others, and threw the lighted stick in the general direction of you-know-whom. What would you expect? How long did it take the ambulance to arrive and shovel up the pieces? Was the dear old villian's mother heart-broken, and did she cry and say he would have been a better boy, but he didn't go to Sunday School and besides his pa weren't worth nothing nohow? Was the village school mom in tears because her boy friend had given his life that justice might not be deterred from its straight course?

Dear reader, if these thoughts pass through your minds, dismiss them at once. Your sympathy is unsolicited. In fact it isn't needed. In short, the villian wasn't even hurt. The hero went over, picked him up, dusted his well-draped and freshly pressed clothes off, and carried him to jail.

Let people like Jimmy Fiddler and Hedda Hopper rave on about their precious Hollywood, but as for me, I will have no part of it. I will agree with them on one point, however, there is no other place like it . . . thank goodness for that!!!

WALLACE DuPRE

WHOLESALE AUTO PARTS

•

Phone 65 127 Broad

COMPLIMENTS OF

Collins

DEPT. STORE

The Citizens & Southern National Bank

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

•

No Account Too Large None Too Small

•

Charleston - Columbia - Spartanburg
Member F. D. I. C.

IT'S DELICIOUS . . .

Blue Bird Ice Cream

"NONE FINER"

RAYLASS DEPARTMENT STORE

The Piedmont's Alert Newspapers

THE SPARTANBURG HERALD
THE SPARTANBURG JOURNAL
THE SUNDAY SPARTANBURG HERALD-JOURNAL

Spartanburg, S. C.

TELEPHONE 5056

The Reliable Military Shop

GIFTS — NOVELTY — JEWELRY

And All Supplies For The Man In Uniform

158 East Main St. — Spartanburg, S. C.

Montgomery and Crawford

HARDWARE — HOUSEWARE

SPORTING GOODS

Compliments of

THE LEADER

204 E. Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN

FURNITURE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Wofford College

Spartanburg, South Carolina

1854-1946

1. Standard four-year college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.
2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.
3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.
4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.
5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.
6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write For Catalogue and Full Information To

WALTER K. GREENE,
President

The Journal

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

WINTER

1946

The Journal

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

VOLUME LVI NUMBER TWO

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, JR. ..... *Editor*

HOWARD B. NORTON ..... *Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

D. G. MCTEER, *Art*
CARLISLE RAST, *Art*
R. K. ISLEY
HERBERT C. FLOYD
BOBBY COLLINS

BUSINESS STAFF

ROBERT BOYKIN
ROBERT SWOFFORD

CONTENTS

PAGE

FICTION—

Song of India ..... *Peter Karegeannes* 3
Forward ..... *John Mandanis* 4
The Angels ..... *Jinx Thompson* 7

NON-FICTION—

How I Did Not Become An Author ..... *J. Quitman Hill* 6

POETRY—

Angelic Art, Unblessed by God ..... *W. L. Molton* 9

FEATURES—

Among the Books—

William Gilmore Simms ..... *R. K. Isley* 14
He Looked Homeward ..... *C. D. Williams* 15
Interpreter of the South ..... *C. D. Williams* 16

Wofford College

Spartanburg, South Carolina

1854-1946

1. Standard four-year college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.
2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.
3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.
4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.
5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.
6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write For Catalogue and Full Information To

WALTER K. GREENE,
President

SONG OF INDIA

PETER KAREGEANNES

Pretty soon, we came to the park that the M.P. had told us about. It was on the edge of Dibrigarah and so close to the Brahamputra you could toss rocks into it.

"It looks smaller from the air," Bob said.

There was a white church inside the park. It was used by the British plantation-owners, and it was comfortably tiny and clean and seeing it made you forget the smells and filth of the town. Beside the church was a rusty, flat tree that showed its age very plainly. We sprawled out under it and looked across the silver-flatness of the river to the range on the other side. An artillery outfit was practicing somewhere down-river and the shells made a drawn-out "whooshh" sound as they went through the air.

It was good, lying there in the grass, forgetting the routine of the past months and not thinking about tomorrow when it would all be the same again; forgetting about the black clouds over the pass . . . not thinking of red alerts and of staring into the sun . . . watching for something earthly to come out of the blindingness.

"You wouldn't think," I said, "It's the same sun." I looked at Bob but he was asleep.

I lay very relaxed, listening to the artillery mar the stillness, and then I lit a cigarette and smoked it slowly and when I'd finished, I got up and walked over to the edge of the bank. Taking aim, I snapped the cigarette through the air and watched it hit the moving water. I got a big kick out of that and I thought about waking Bob up and telling him the Brahamputra had just swallowed a cigarette I'd smoked.

Another shell went through the air, and down the river I saw the delayed puff of white smoke. I was intent on watching the smoke and didn't realize that somebody was standing behind me.

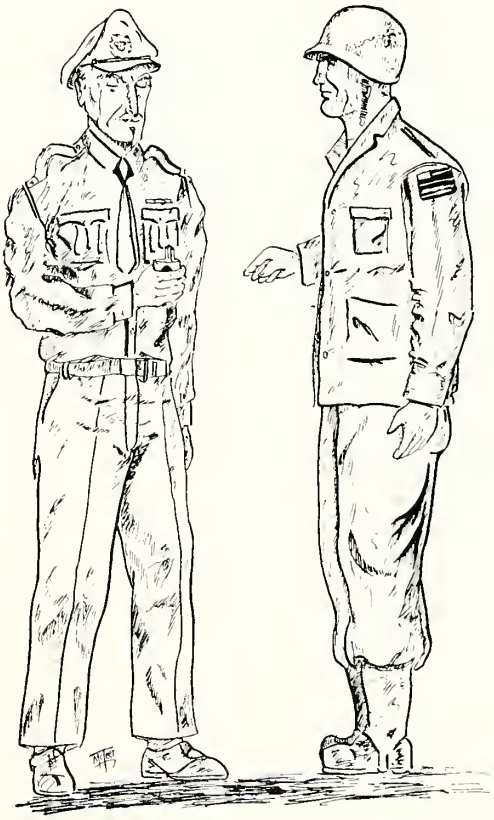
"Those are my men," I heard. I turned and saw a British officer with the crown of a major on his shoulders.

"Good afternoon, sir," I said.

His eye-sockets were very deep inside his head and his mouth was framed by layers of thin lines. He was probably much younger than he looked.

"I thought I'd come out and get a breath of fresh air," he said. He offered me a Woodbine cigarette and I took it just to be polite.

(Continued on Page 11)



He offered me a Woodbine cigarette.

FORWARD

JOHN P. MANDANIS

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare."
—Sir Walter Scott

I

It is strange—people say—and yet it often happens that memories enter so unexpectedly and in spite of our will, the wide regions of our consciousness. I listen to a radio program of classical music. I hear the speaker announcing: "And now you will hear Beethoven's immortal *Heroic Symphony,*" and immediately the first melodious sounds permeate my room and my existence is at once concentrated somewhere around my ears. These stormy queer melodies that express so profoundly the inner thoughts and emotions of a powerful gentle soul, appeal so deeply to my emotional self that the present is gradually melting away. . . . A shapeless figure appears before my closed eyes. Within a few seconds it takes its final form: a familiar face of a young man, his large green eyes looking at me with their usual piercing and witty glance, that glance which contained the ultimate expression of the secret of my friend Philip's character.

There exists nothing now but the cataracts of the celestial harmonies of the "Allegro" and my friend's green eyes. . . . Some years ago we both used to listen to this excellent music. We would exchange now and then a meaningful glance of understanding and would discuss it later with enthusiasm and youthful authority.

Of course Philip was usually the one who would speak for hours about Beethoven and his music. Philip worshipped Beethoven as a God! Philip! What a strange type of a boy indeed. I wonder where he is at this very moment. In Athens of course, in their living room, turning the pages of a book of paintings of Rembrandt or of Greco; hearing perhaps a radio program of some exotic *fantasie* of Debussy or the passionate "Andante" from the *Sonate Pathétique* . . . His eyes gazing vaguely, through the panes of the window, a little rosy cloud traveling toward the setting sun, his lips tightly closed, his breast swelling violently. He may get up nervously and go out to his garden and look at the exquisite harmony of the colors of the Attic sunset, and listen to the first sounds of the evening coming from the depths of the earth. And then he may wait for the first stars and count them until he gets tired . . . Oh! Philip can do a lot of things like that. . . .

II

He was sixteen and I was nineteen when we first met each other on that autumn day of 1941. The Germans and Italians had conquered the country. I had left my home town and my family and went to Athens for my studies at the university. I would stay at my uncle's home.

To be sure Philip was the type of man who impresses deeply anyone who meets him for the first time. His clever words, his eyes—those unforgetable eyes!—his gestures, the perpetual changes of the expression of his face, spoke so loudly of his personality! He did not say much that first time. He was rather silent, looking at me with a precautious and curious glance. A few minutes passed and he suddenly got up, bade me good-bye and fled like a bird. I heard his voice saying as he was closing the door: "I will see you soon. Our house is next door . . ."

"Philip is a strange little child indeed!" his aunt remarked quietly. "Don't be surprised with his manners. He is a very remarkable character. Paul, I want you to meet him and be friends with him. Consider him as an abnormal creature with many whims and caprices. He writes poems you know . . ."

We soon were intimate friends. Our common interest in art was enough for a closer understanding of each other. We would talk for hours and hours. . . . Rather *he* was talking and *I* was listening to a flood of magic words telling of the nature of art in general, of its meaning in our life. I was feeling something of the sensibility of that young boy, wondering whether he would be lucky enough to live a long life and develop his rare abilities. His mother had told me that Philip was in very frail health. I myself had noticed a certain lack of that health, which cries aloud: "here is youth and joy!" No! Philip did not belong to that happy class of men. He was conscious of it and usually tried to persuade the others and himself as well, of the opposite. Perhaps that lack of health was the reason of his brilliancy. Besides, he had a very strong memory and was proud of it.

One sunny day of April, 1942, Philip came into my room. "Come on!" he exclaimed. "Let us go to the Acropolis! Don't you realize that this is the first day of Spring? Didn't you hear the first bird singing on the pine tree of the garden? Don't you feel anything to have changed in you? Hurry up! I cannot wait! If you don't come, so much the worse for you. I will go alone!"

As neither street cars nor buses existed on those days of occupation we went on foot and covered the five miles almost running, our hearts dancing happily in a realm of fantasy. When we were up on the "sacred rock" I noticed that he was tired. "Why didn't you tell me to walk slowly?" I asked him. "Who told you that I am tired?" was his reply. He turned his eyes all over the ancient place and then high up toward the blue vault of the sky. He took a few deep breaths and began to speak. He told the story of the ancient man, of his high achievements and finally turned to himself. Everything in his future life would happen exactly as he wanted. He would marry at the age of twenty-eight and his wife would be . . . He handed to me a piece of chalk that he had in his pocket (oh! that pocket with so many trifles which meant so much to him!) and told me in fervor: "Listen Paul! You know how to draw. I know you do! Please draw the face of the girl I am going to marry. I have a vivid picture of her in

Aunt Agnes was crying silently.

my mind!" I took the piece of chalk and began to draw the profile of a girl upon the surface of an ancient marble drum which seemed to be the remnant of a column of a ruined temple.

"She will have a wide and clear forehead to begin with . . . Exactly like this! Good so far . . . Her eyes will be large and blue as the ocean of summer time, and her hair dark and curly like that of Apollo. Her eyebrows thick and finely designed. Just like mine—a little finer! Her nose straight and her lips

(Continued on Page 12)

How I Did Not Become An Author

(From Memoirs of a Misfit)

J. QUITMAN HILL

How difficult it is to write! When my brain was several scars younger I conceived the sparkling notion of writing a series of informative articles on—well, practically any subject you would care to name. Amazing range, wasn't it? But then, the world was full of subjects for dissertation, each being capable, apparently of infinite expansibility, so that it was no less than youthful diffidence which finally led me to feel that I should confine myself to writing only one great work, with perhaps, later minor opera which would serve to elucidate or expand sections of less clarity in the original.

Out of the very fulness of my heart I would compose a milestone in literature, a sign-board which would serve as a directing and benevolently impelling influence for my successors who aspire to write. It would be called, perhaps, "Writing For Money" or some similar title, since I was aware that the title of any book should serve to arouse and to elevate the imagination.

I never got around to writing that book. An omission which did not of course result from lack of interest. I prepared an excellent outline for it. Each heading and sub-heading clicked into place with mathematical precision. An unforseen difficulty proved to be the fact that each topic and sub-topic semed to be unable to resolve itself into separate existence. There were overlappings and unexplained extensions. The incursions of one field into the other, I explained as being the result of a habit of mine for perceiving relations, correlations and sequences between ideas which to mere curosity inspection might appear less intimately related. The extensions of thought were undoubtedly the result of a worthy imagination.

Realizing, with customary perspicacity, that too great a knowledge in an inclusive sense is not conducive to clear expression of thought, (the truth of which observation is eminently clear to anyone who has had occasion to attend the mental processes of mule-skinners, authors of history texts, and college professors as a class). I determined to limit myself rigorously to one and only one branch of knowledge, excluding others ruthlessly for the time of writing, at least.

It seemed a wise idea not to begin too greatly. That is, I would choose a theme, the pursuit of which would not require too great an expenditure of intellectual energy on the part of the reader. With this aim in mind, I selected as a topic the question of the Freedom of the Will, intending to allude more than fleetingly to Kant's ever-interesting Categorical Imperative. My reason for abandoning the whole notion was that to be effectively handled it had to be carefully thought out, mentally manipulated, so to speak. I believe that the beauty of any composition lies in inverse ratio to the amount of thought which is required in the creation of it. Ideas are like the most delicate flowers. The best way to observe them is to come upon them purposely, glance at them fleetingly and leave them. Do not linger long enough to touch or even to breathe upon them, for thereby much of their beauty may be destroyed. Enjoy them later at your leisure by examining the mind's clear reproduction of them. In writing, a refreshing spontaneity is attained by thus dealing with the ideas to be presented.

Observe that I know how to write! Then why do I write? Because my desire is too great, my emotions uncontrollable. Perhaps

(Continued on Page 10)

THE ANGELS

JINX THOMPSON

Ever since her telephone had rung at ten-thirty that morning, Mrs. Jamison had been doing her regular household duties in a pleasant daze. It was a daze filled with hope, expectations, and complete joy. The cause of her elation was the conversation she had had on her telephone. Mrs. Nash, *the* Mrs. Henry L. Nash, had invited her to a bridge party.

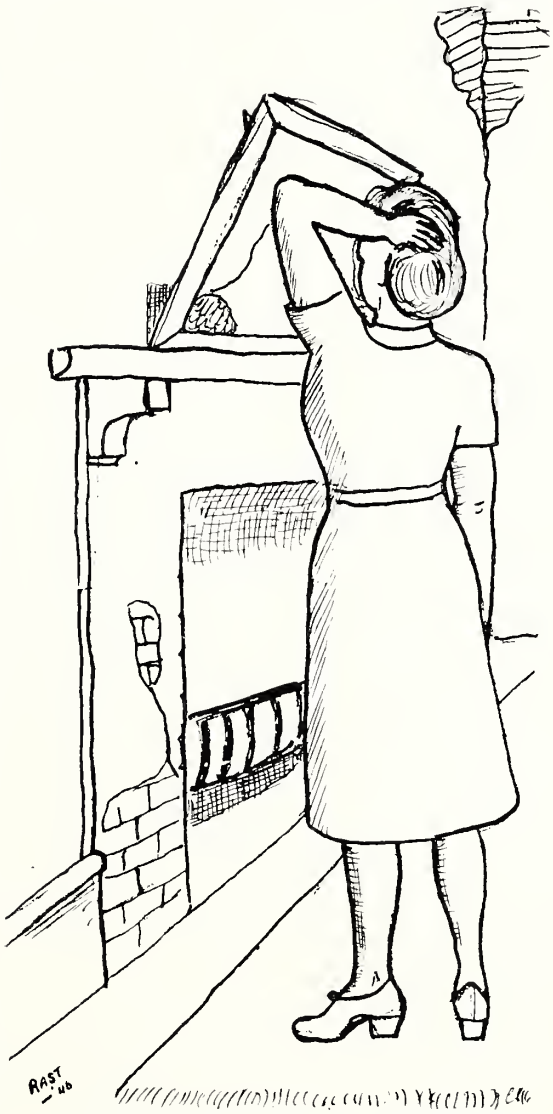
"It's nothing special," Mrs. Nash had said. "I'm only having one table. Elise Carter and Jane Watson are coming. They'll pick you up around three . . ." Mrs. Jamison pushed the greying hair up from her forehead and smiled at herself in the chipped mirror that hung over the mantel.

Mrs. Henry Nash had been Leslie Grant before she married the town's richest and most influential citizen. Mrs. Jamison hadn't seen her since the wedding twenty years before, and she wondered how she looked. "She must be around forty," she thought, "but I'll bet she still has her looks. Everyone always said Leslie Trent was the most beautiful girl in town." Mrs. Jamison didn't recognize the names "Carter" and "Watson," but she was sure that they must have been somebodies if they were friends of Leslie.

She wondered why she had never seen much of Leslie in the years after she married Henry Nash. She wondered, also, why Leslie had called her to play bridge. It was true that she was related to Leslie by a distant cousin, but they had never been very good friends. She hurriedly pushed these thoughts from her mind and hastened to finish the housework before three o'clock.

At three-twenty, a large black car pulled up in front of the old brownstone house in which she rented a room, and she glanced out of her window. Making sure that it was her ride, she put on her little black hat and hurried down the steps. The chauffeur helped her into the car, and she found herself between two modern, smartly dressed women. The large woman on her left was dressed in a bright green dress, evidently fresh from the skilled hands of a famous and expensive designer. She kissed Mrs. Jamison and said:

"My dear Mrs. Jamison, Leslie has spoken of you so often. You're exactly as I pictured



Mrs. Jamison pushed the greying hair up from her forehead.

you. Oh, I'm Elise Carter. I don't guess you know me. Leslie speaks of you so often that I feel as if I've always known you. And this is Jane Watson."

She presented the woman on Mrs. Jamison's left, who smiled coldly and made no attempt at conversation. Elise, though, was perfectly able to hold down two ends of a conversation, and she did for the remainder of the ride to Leslie Grant's.

Mrs. Jamison couldn't quite understand why she was so uncomfortable when she saw Leslie. Leslie was draped in a very theatrical pair of lounging pajamas, and she had an ivory cigarette holder dangling from her lips. Elise stopped talking long enough to let Leslie and Mrs. Jamison exchange "how-do-you-do's," but that was all.

"Oh, Jane, you have me for a partner," she remarked after they had cut for partners and were sitting down to play. "You know what an awful player I am, and everybody knows how good you are. Would you believe it, Mrs. Jamison " she continued, "Jane has won the bridge tournaments for the past two years." Jane bestowed her usual artificial smile on Mrs. Jamison and began to deal the cards.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good," volunteered Mrs. Jamison. "It's been several years since I've played, and I wasn't too good then."

"Why, I'll bet you're just awfully good," consoled Elise, "I can't even keep score. That's why I always overbid. I can't make head or tail out of the score pad, and . . . Oh, is it my bid? What did you bid, Jane? Oh, I guess I'll have to pass. I never get decent hands.

The bidding continued, and Leslie got the contract. Mrs. Jamison laid her hand down, and she settled back in her chair to watch the plays. Unconsciously, she hummed a little melody that had been running through her head. Suddenly, Leslie looked up sharply at Mrs. Jamison. Mrs. Jamison was so shocked at the expression on Leslie's face that she had to catch her breath. Leslie then smiled apologetically and dismissed it with a wave of her hand. Mrs. Jamison saw Jane and Elise looking at each other in a way she could not make out.

During the next few hands Mrs. Jamison realized how much she had forgotten about the game, and twice she made mistakes that are unforgivable among bridge fans.

"Darling," said Elise, "that queen of hearts was good. You trumped it, you know. That will put us down a thousand."

"I'm very sorry," Mrs. Jamison plead, "I just didn't realize that."

"It's your deal," Leslie said firmly, placing the deck in front of her. Mrs. Jamison dealt the cards but her hands were trembling. From then on she played blindly, remembering rules and applying them the wrong way. The harder she tried the more mistakes she made. Finally, at the end of the third rubber, she excused herself, saying that she had to powder her nose.

"It's time we were eating," said Leslie, rising with Mrs. Jamison. "No, Jane, thanks anyway. I can get it. Everything is fixed. All I have to do is get out some ice."

Mrs. Jamison, in the bathroom, faced herself in the mirror and said fiercely under her breath, "I won't let my feelings get hurt. After all, I'm older. I haven't played in a long time. They were very nice to ask me. I'm just imagining things." After that she felt better, and she started back to the library. She was about to open the door when she heard Jane's piercing voice say.

". . . and that wasn't the worst of it. Did you see that pin she was wearing? I mean, really, a self-respecting floosie wouldn't be caught dead with it on."

"What about her lipstick?" added Elise. "Do you suppose she can't afford anything else? Honestly, I don't see where Leslie could have picked her up. I give Leslie credit for having more. . . ."

"Shh. I hear somebody."

Mrs. Jamison walked into the room. She must have said something, but she never knew afterwards what it was. She didn't taste her food, and she had no idea what Leslie served. She played mechanically, and she answered questions in monosyllables. She glanced at the lucite clock on the mantel often, and prayed

(Continued on Page 10)

Angelic Art, Unblessed by God

She slept
Enveloped in celestial beams,
Shining from an evening sky,
Engrossed in Heaven's purest light.
A moonbeam kissed each sleeping eye,
And danced across each dainty cheek,
As lightly as a lullaby.

O' wingéd courier of God,
Thou, Beauty, surely dids't impart
A portion of thy saintly soul,
Unto this infant angel's heart,
Then touched her with thy golden wing;
A lovely child—'tis Heaven's art.

A revered thought I hold, that she
Was born of angels to extol
Their virtues pure; they blessed their babe
With saintly crown, an aureole;
And yet, Alas! sought not of Him,
The Breath of Life that frees the *soul*
From God.

—*W. L. Molton.*

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS!

Rey's
SPARTANBURG'S QUALITY JEWELERS •
153 EAST MAIN STREET

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS!

THE ANGELS

(Continued from Page 8)

that five o'clock would come before she gave away completely. She heard two phrases over and over again that were being screamed at her with deafening violence. "Do you suppose she can't afford anything else?" "I gave Leslie credit for having more . . ." They blinded her until she could hardly stifle the sobs that were rising inside of her.

At five o'clock Elise said, "Oh, my God. Where did the afternoon go? I've got to leave. I'm picking up a package at Andre's, and he closes at five-thirty."

At the door Mrs. Jamison turned to Leslie and said in a hollow voice:

"I don't know when I've spent a pleasanter afternoon." Then she walked slowly out to the large black car.

"Thanks too much for helping me out, girls," Leslie said when Mrs. Jamison reached the car. "I'll never forget this. You were angels to do it."

When the large black car drove away from the large brownstone house where Mrs. Jamison lived, Jane fell back with a sigh of relief and said:

"Have you ever? She didn't even try to play decently, and she hardly said ten words all afternoon. Why, I do believe she isn't even grateful."

HOW I DID NOT BECOME AN AUTHOR

(Continued from Page 6)

some day when the fires within me burn less intensely; when I shall be able to continue a single emotion throughout the whole of a story, then I shall write. Perhaps, if in no other way, the realization of my only ambition will come when, as the Supreme Reward, I shall be allowed the use of some small celestial garret in which I shall sit for days at a time and write golden words which will present themselves like well-to-do friends and will automatically arrange themselves into poetry and prose which will sparkle like softly lighted diamonds.

SONG OF INDIA

(Continued from Page 3)

I knew it would make me sick; Woodbines taste as though part horsehair.

"I've been in the church since seven o'clock," he said. There was something in the way he looked beyond me.

"I hadn't realized today was Sunday," I said. I made a rapid mental calculation and discovered it was Thursday.

"It's very nice in there. Very quiet. First time I've been in church in years."

There was another "whooshhh" and I listened for it to land.

"He was in India and I didn't know about it," the Major said.

I turned and looked at Bob. He was still sleeping and his cap was over his eyes and he had a slight grin on his face. I saw his right foot twitch.

"When he was young, I had hoped he would go to Sandhurst like the rest of us. But the air-craziness got him."

I was getting a headache from the cigarette.

"The air-craziness got him and it killed him. And I was in Imphal only three weeks ago. But how can that matter when I didn't know he was in India?"

I snapped the Woodbine into space and watched it spin into the water. I was thinking about American cigarettes and British cigarettes and Indian rivers and if fish ate tobacco. I turned it all around in my mind until I sensed that the Major had gone.

Later, after Bob had yawned the sleep out of his system, I asked him if I'd missed any crashes at Imphal.

"Did you see that Spitfire last week?"

"No. What happened?"

"She blew up on take-off. Made a God-awful mess . . . scattered the pilot all over the field."

We sat there, Bob thinking about the scientific explanation of why the shell went "whooshhh" and I, wondering why I didn't feel too bad after smoking the Woodbine.

Welcome

WOFFORD STUDENTS

To

SPARTANBURG'S MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

FORWARD

(Continued from Page 5)

red as a cherry . . . No! These are very thick! She will be the personification of the perfect beauty of spirit and body, when she will be smiling at me. Her chin will be round—that chin of a decisive character, for she will have a strong character. . . ."

The sketch was ready. He looked at it severely and then: "No!" he exclaimed, "this is not the girl I am going to marry! This is not my future wife!" And with a nervous gesture he erased the sketch angrily and ran away. I followed him and attempted to appease the storm of his soul. He soon became calm. "Excuse me, my friend. I know I was very rude. . . ." He was now gazing at the remote velvety surface of the ocean. A little boat was sailing southward. . . .

"She will give me three children. Two boys and one girl. I shall not allow them to hear any kind of music, except military songs, the only proper music for children!"

"How long will you live, Philip?" I asked him with a smile.

"I know that too!" he answered, "I will die at the age of eighty-two while fighting on my battleship against the enemy."

"Which battleship?" I asked curiously.

"Don't you know that after our liberation I will attend the Naval Academy?"

A few moments passed and he began to recite a poem he had composed a few hours before. It was about a young man struggling to overcome the gentility of his heart and build a hard and strong character. Yes! That was the secret of his life: he wanted to be strong. He was strong in character. He longed for a strong body.

He seemed to have repented for having revealed this secret to me.

"Have you read *The Song of Zarathustra?*" he asked suddenly. Let us go home. I will read some passages to you."

The sun had begun to set. He plunged his laughing face into the playful waves of the evening, spreading his beams in abundance all over the city. The columns of Parthenon were transformed into some airy old priests preaching immortality. And the maidens of Erechtheion regained for an instant their rosy cheeks and seemed to bid us farewell. A last little moment and the king of the day was gone. The fairies of the night would presently leave their celestial palaces and would descend to the earth. . . .

III

Three years has passed since then. Philip was now a young man of nineteen. A thin tall handsome youth he was, his eyes more fiery than ever before, his cheeks hollowed dangerously. He did not write poems any more. Art and philosophy were still his sole companions. He did not come with us very often. He would spend ten hours a day studying philosophy, reading modern and old poets of all nations, translating from German, French and English. He would sometimes write an essay and read it to me with pride. He was playing a very dangerous game. His health was not a secure ground for such a persistent intellectual and emotional endeavor. He was consuming himself with the uncounted "whys" and "becauses." His mother and his father tried in vain to keep him away from his books. He would not obey anything but his will. His soul was the field of numerous battles. He was aware of the slightest details of life. He was living intensely the life of a slave and his mind revolted at the idea of being one. He was struggling with many enemies in the untrodden areas of the *Unknown*. He believed in his abilities and was sincerely proud of himself. Our discussions now were more serious and broader. Nevertheless, he had never ceased being a simple tender soul, a helpless little toy in the hands of his instincts.

It was a gloomy rainy day, that day of February which brought to us a little frightened sparrow through the chimney to the hearth. Philip happened to be there. He did not allow anyone of us to touch it. He snatched it and warmed it up with his breath.

"Its little heart is working . . ." he whispered and left the room suddenly. I went after him

(Continued on Page 23)

Literature of the Carolinas

William Gilmore Simms

Thomas Wolfe

Paul Greene

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

R. K. ISLEY

It is inevitable that when we attempt a study of Southern Literature or Poetry, we must consider that great writer, Simms. And, yet, we cannot mention him in the same breath with Cooper, Scott, or Hawthorne. Literary commentaries who attempt a coverage of American literature invariably sum his works up in cursory manner. Gilmore Simms has often received the appellations, "American Scott" and "Southern Cooper." Conventional plots and idealistic circumstances have no doubt had something to do with conclusions of this nature . . . but the fact remains, he did not have the profundity of composure or the matchless beauty of expression, possessed by these two literary giants.

Simms novels have almost always reminded me strongly of Cooper and much is to be found in Simms' favor when it comes to a consideration of plausibleness of plot. The northern writer's defects are glaringly protuberant: one will never forget this if he has chanced upon Twain's essay. ("Coopers Literary Offenses," *A Defeness of Harriet Shelley and Other Essays*)— But, then again, the literary scales must tip far to the other side when the poetical grandeur and majesty of thought of Cooper is isolated from the story and viewed in its own rights.

Simms was voluminous in his output but hardly prolific. There is simply too much duplicity in plot and no real evidence of originality at times.

Let us consider some similar incidents, but bear in mind that Simms total output of novels reached the astoundingly high sum of thirty-five! Any writer's inventiveness would most surely dry up under such a strain, no matter how fertile his imagination.

Edgar Clifford in *Confession* marries his cousin, but before this, is turned out of doors by his step-father because of the depravity of the former. In *Guy Rivers*, a work of two year's subsequence, we find Ralph Colleton in like manner turned out of doors and for the same reason and he too, is in love with his cousin. Both are forced to contend with a third party and in the end, triumph over their foe. The endings are happy and right.

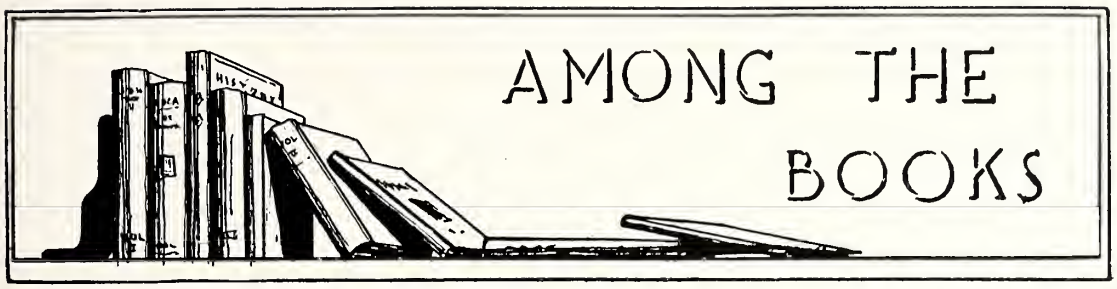
The leading characters change their identity in *The Partisans* and *Beauchamp* and are forced to undergo like trials.

John A. Murrell, who was an actual bandit in the old Southwest is treated in two novels by Simms. *Border Beagles* was first and is followed by a sequel, *Richard Hurdis*. Simms' love for the stage and Shakespearian dramatics is no doubt manifested in the introduction of the character, Harry Horsey, who proves to be a young man bubbling over with aspiration for the stage.

Passion, sex, and seduction are handled in the same virtuous, delicate way of Scott and Cooper, by Simms. Parallel cases of seduction are to be noted, briefly, in *Beauchamp* and *Martin Faber*. Simms was a writer who could touch on the realities of life and yet retain his personal dignity. He does not underestimate the extent of human passion nor does he minimize the consequences of frustrated affection. Clearly he perceived the limits to which men . . . and women would go when once they had become enamoured of another and he gives us a clear picture of further agitation of futile chase.

A famous murder trial of 1825, "The Kentucky Tragedy" is treated fictionally, but with

(Continued on Page 27)



HE LOOKED HOMEWARD

It is difficult to describe the writings of Thomas Wolfe, as it is difficult to describe a man's soul. For Thomas Wolfe's soul is in his works.

His environment is familiar: the Carolinas, flat coastal land, drab landscapes, the Piedmont, rolling red hills and small towns; but especially the "Land of the Sky," the beautiful mountain-rimmed city that is Asheville.

From this setting and from the homely characters with whom he was familiar, he weaves his web of purpose. Mother, father, brother, sister, playmate, undertaker, "nigger," policeman, professor, doctor—all are employed to tell his story.

Wolfe was keenly aware of all around him. The slightest smell or color is vividly described; he squeezes the very essence from every experience. He often expressed the wish to crush something to him and absorb it.

His style is a unique combination of vivid contrasts from a fanciful semi-poetry to curt narrative and conversation and beautiful descriptions.

No biography is needed for anyone who has read Wolfe's novels. The thinly-disguised settings and characters are apparent. It is told that Wolfe once received a letter from an irate lady who said, "It is all right to name Mr. So-and-so and say that he is a horse thief and tell where he lives, but do you have to give his telephone number?"

Wolfe was born in 1900 in Asheville. His mother had an eye for real estate, and his father carved stone angels as described in *Look Homeward, Angel.* He was educated at the University of North Carolina and was one of the original "playmakers." He did further work at Harvard and lived for some time in New York. *The Web and the Rock,* the last Wolfe novel published after his death, describes his life in the city and uses material gathered in his European tour. He died at his height, still young, as his premonition predicted.

But his works are violently alive. His impressions, thoughts, passions, and experiences are still real. His reproduction of Life is as near to Life as any reproduction ever has been. Every time his novels are read, Thomas Wolfe lives again.

—*Charles D. Williams.*

Interpreter of The South

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

There is a certain page in my autograph book that I will always treasure. On it is scrawled in a big black hand a personal message signed "Paul Green." This page always takes me back to the time when Green and the Carolina Playmakers came to Fayetteville to stage *The Highland Call.*

My remembrance of Green is of a big, tall, curly-headed, down-home Tar Heel. His hat was eternally shoved to the back of his head, seemingly in mental laziness. He was perfectly at home anywhere, and to look at him, one would think he was just another country boy from North Carolina.

It was soon obvious, however, that great things went on under that shoved back hat. His tremendous amount of general knowledge and information was astounding.

One night during the rehearsal of *The Highland Call* Green sat watching the music and dancing scene. Suddenly he got up and stopped the rehearsal. He quietly walked over to the University of North Carolina organ professor who was playing the accompaniment and said, "Look, John, don't you think it might sound a little better this way?" Sitting down at the organ, he played a bit, and the professor agreed that it would. Green had composed much of the music for the play.

During the three weeks run of the play in Fayetteville, Green's great wealth of knowledge was uncovered. His knowledge of English, drama, writing, and music revealed the great scope of his brilliant mind.

A knowledge of Green's birthplace and early environment is invaluable in understanding the purpose of his writings.

The cotton fields, Negroes, and country around Lillington, N. C., are easily recognized in his plays. When a youth, he tried to write of this land and these people, but only met with dismal failure. So, with a determination in his heart, he entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

He had a brilliant college career and afterwards took a degree at Columbia.

His experiences in the first World War probably furnished the material for *Johnny Johnson,* the only Green play not laid in North Carolina. After the war he retuned to his alma mater to teach, write, and experiment with the Playmakers.

Here he started his magnificent writing career. *The House of Connelly, In Abraham's Bosom, The Field God, Potter's Field,* and many other one and three act plays sprang from his prolific pen; stories of his South and his people, stories of his North Carolina.

Green writes: "Beginning at the Potomac and Ohio rivers and stretching down to the Gulf of Mexico, then westward to the borders of Oklahoma and Texas lies a great reach of land known as the South and usually spelled with a capital letter. Eleven states make up this area, comprising some half a million square miles within its boundaries and with more than twenty-five million souls inhabiting thereon, of whom about one-third are Negroes. Although the region is homogeneous as to people—in spite of two distinct colors—there are many geographic, climatic, and geologic differences within it. The scholars and social scientists point to the Atlantic tidewater, the subtropic gulf coast, the coastal plain, the Piedmont, the Appalachian highlands, the Mississippi flood plain, the Ozark-Ouachita highlands and what not. Still others, using the methods of research and taking their cue from what the people do, divide the region into the fishing section along the coast, the trucking, tobacco

and cotton farming section on the northern coastal plain, the citrus fruit, rice and sugar section farther south, the great cotton delta up the Mississippi, the mineral, textile and power regions among the hills and mountains, and so on.

"But such divisioning of the land by the scholars and the sociologists has little effect upon it, and it is still the South and being so is different from the rest of the United States. And no doubt it will remain so until the Negro has moved away and industrialization has come. Then with the weight of its tragic history forgot, the vision of ancient valor and glory dimmed by the smoke of factory chimneys, and the voice of the orator lost in the noise of great upbuilding cities it may become like the other sections of the country, part of the melting pot. Perhaps some far-off day will bring all that to pass. But until that time the South remains what it is—mainly a rural region whose ideologies and ethics of living are derived from the fields, the sky, the trees, and the hills—a region of violent contradictions like nature itself, of startling beauty and blinding ugliness, of hate and love, of wealth and degraded poverty, of fertile land and eroded land, of bountiful rainfall and parching drought, of passion and sloth, of soaring ambition and empty death.

"This is the land of poor wages in the midst of plenty, of ignorance at the door of opportunity, of exquisite culture and lewd barbarism, of high birthrates and frightful mortality, of killing work and easy living, of thoughtlessness when thought is needed. This is the breeding place of exaggerated types and opposites, the home of the great statesman and the vacuous windbag compelling his thousands. Here is the home of the Negro liberator and the avenging lyncher, here the miscegenator and the racial purist, the philosopher and the holy-roller, the man of common sense like Johnny Johnson and the blazing idiot; here the ambitious educator and those who spit on all his efforts, the florid aristocrat and his hungry hound dog, the musical and imaginative genius whipped back to his endless fur-

Since 1931 Spartanburg's Leading Jewelers

Kosch & Gray

SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS

Nationally Known — Watches
Diamonds
Jewelry

If It's From Kosch and Gray — *It's Guaranteed*

row; here the starveling sharecropper and the machinery plantation, the pure democrat and the blighted one-gallus man; here the home of the first American dream upon this continent—a nation of liberty and free men and justice unto all."

To any Tar Heel it is a simple matter to locate specifically the scene of his plays. Green has made it easy to do this with his numerous tip-offs, such as Enos' line in the *No 'Count Boy*, "Well, maybe when we's married we'll take a little trip to Raleigh or Durham and see the street cars and big buildings."

The area around Wilmington is easily located in *In Abraham's Bosom,* through the conversation about Wilmington, the Cape Fear river, and Lonnie's line, "Yeh, we want to get the wagons off to Fayetteville tonight."

Most of the settings of the plays take place in some poverty-stricken section of the state. There is usually the poor Negro or white, ruled over by the big plantation owner, barely able to make a living from his poor crops and to keep alive on his consistent diet of side meat and molasses.

This condition is only too true in many parts of the South. This poverty probably made a great impression on Green, because he has seemed to restrict himself to the tragedies and a few comedies which arise from such settings, ignoring the beautiful and thriving sections of the country except by vague references to the "big cities" of Raleigh and Charlotte, remote and inaccesible to the poor sufferers.

The settings for the plays are perfect backgrounds for the vivid characters Green creates. There are no pulled punches in the portrayals of chain gang guards, Negro killers, and white lynchers. Most of these characters have some passionate drive in the plays, such as love, hate, or revenge.

The language is colorful and purposeful and expresses the meanings in plain down-to-earth terms. There is no fancy and flowery talk in the Green plays. This language, however crude, is capable of expressing beauty, sadness, or any other emotion as well as does the un-

JARMAN SHOES DOBBS HATS

PRICE'S

"STORE FOR MEN"

113-115 North Church Street

MANHATTAN SHIRTS BEAU-BRUMMEL NECKWEAR

PHONE 237

204 E. Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN

FURNITURE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

950 ON YOUR DIAL

WSPA

NEWS

SPORTS

MUSIC

ENTERTAINMENT

Wofford's First Launderers

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.

Phones 32 and 543

Gifts For All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street

Phone 918 Spartanburg

Robkin & Gelburd

Spartanburg's Most Modern Men's and Boys' Wear Shop

"QUALITY"
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

156 East Main St. — Telephone 4147
Spartanburg, South Carolina

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale Druggist

CHARLESTON — SPARTANBURG
GREENVILLE
SOUTH CAROLINA

surpassed cursing in the more violent scenes.

Green has always been interested in the Negro's point of view, a very complex subject to write about. In *In Abraham's Bosom,* a Pulitzer prize winner, this attitude is expressed by Abraham in a speech, a speech he was destined never to give.

"Ignorance means sin, and sin means destruction, destruction before the law and destruction in a man's own heart. The Negro will rise when his character is of the nature to cause him to rise—for on that the future of the race depends, and that character is mostly to be built by education, for it cannot exist in ignorance. Let me repeat again, ladies and gentlemen. We want our children and our grandchildren to march on towards full lives and noble characters, and that has got to come, I say, by education. We have no other way. We got to live and learn—and think, that's it. A little over forty years ago the white man's power covered us like the night. Through war and destruction we was freed. But it was freedom of the body and not freedom of the mind. And what is freedom of the body without freedom of the mind? It means nothing. It don't exist. What we need is thinking people, people who will not let the body rule the head. And again I cry out, education. I been accused of wanting to make the Negro the equal of the white man. Been run from pillar to post, living in poverty because of that belief. But it is false. I never preached that doctrine. I don't say that the colored ought to be made equal to the white in society, now. We are not ready for it yet. But I do say that we have equal rights to education and free thought and living our lives. With that all the rest will come. Then books there show it. Ladies and gentlemen, what's to hinder us from starting a great center of learning here, putting our time and our hopes and money and labor into it and not into the much foolishness of this life. What little education I got was by lightwood knots, and after reading and studying all these years, I am just a little ways along. We must give the children of the future a better chance than we have had. With this one school-building we can make a good start. Then we can get

more teachers later on, more equipment, and some day a library where the boys and girls can read about men that have done something for the world. And before many years pass we will be giving instruction in how to farm, how to be carpenters, how to preach, how to teach, how to do everything. And what will stop us in the end from growing into a great Negro college, a university, a light on a hill, a place the pride of both black and white!"

Some of the Negroes of Green's plays have this progressive attitude, but for the most part there is another philosophy, a philosophy of work and subordination to the white man, a philosophy of "just a Nigger, always a Nigger." This attitude is expressed in the same play as a group of Negro turpentine workers discuss Abraham and his progressive ideas:

BUD: Yeh, work, work for 'em. Yet your money and your meat, push on through, ask no questions, no sass, keep to your work.

LIJE: Nigger keep mouth shut, let white man do talking. He safe then.

BUD: Safe! You done said. No telegram poles, no shooting, no fire burn him.

PUNY: Safe is best.

LIJE: Abe ain't safe.

BUD: Eyh?

LIJE: Abe talk to much.

PUNY: Can't help it, I bet.

BUD: Can too. Didn't talk much before that boy was hung. Worked hard then and say nothing.

LIJE: Sump'n on his mind. Sump'n deep, worry him, trouble—

BUD: Trouble about the nigger. Want to rise him up with education—fact!

PUNY: Hunh, rise him up to get a rope around his neck. Nigger's place down the bottom. Get buried in his own graveyard, don't mind out.

BUD: Right on the bottom with their hands and legs, muscle power, backbone, down with the rocks and the shovels and the digging, that's the nigger. White man on top.

LIJE: You's talking gospel.

PORTRAITS
For The
Discriminating
Young Man
Should Be Made at
WEST STUDIOS
158½ East Main St. Phone 2311
— Also —
Choice Selection of
Leather and Metal Frames
Photo Stamps, 100 for $2.50
Suitable for Christmas Cards and Identification
Personalized Christmas Photo Cards
Made From Your Favorite
Picture

CROFT'S
QUALITY JEWELERS
123 E. Main St. · Spartanburg, S. C.
Your Friendly
Jeweler

Greenewald's, Inc.
Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

EAT
AT
THE ELITE

"Where The Elite Meet To Eat"

VISIT

The Aug. W. Smith Co.

MEN'S SHOP

The Citizens & Southern National Bank
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

No Account Too Large None Too Small

Charleston - Columbia - Spartanburg
Member F. D. I. C.

PUNY: Abe say he gwine climb. I heard him tell the Colonel that.

BUD: 'Fore God! What Colonel say?

PUNY: He ain't say nothing, just look at him

LIJE: Abe is bad mixed up all down inside.

BUD: White and black make bad mixtry.

LIJE: Do that. Nigger down here. White mens up here. Heart say do one thing, head say another. Bad, bad.

PUNY: The white blood in him coming to the top. That make him want to climb up and be something. Nigger gwine hold him down though. Part of him take after the Colonel, part after his muh, division and misery inside.

LIJE: Ssh!

PUNY: Colonel Mack the daddy, everybody knows. Like as two peas, see the favor.

BUD: Talk too much! Little bird carry news to the Colonel and he fall on you and scrush you. Ain't nigger, ain't white what ails him. Them damn books he got to studying last year or two. Can't go to the woods without 'em. Look up there on his bucket, 'rifmatic, I bet. Give a nigger a book and just as well shoot him. All the white folks tell you that.

Recently, much has been said in our country and on the floor of Congress of race issues and "White Supremacy." Green's works reveal that this is not something new in the nation, but an old problem, a problem arising out of the poverty, clash of beliefs, ignorance, and other blights of the South.

These works are important today just as was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in Civil War days. They convey to Northerners and Westerners the conditions of the South, to Southerners, an interpretation of a misunderstood people, to the world a bit of the beauty, drama, and love for a dynamic portion of our country.

Paul Green has said, "—so far as I know, the only requirement for the writer is to write the best he can about what he knows and has made his own. The people of the South are what I know and love best, and I have written as well as I can. The rest is for the actor and the reader."

FORWARD

(Continued from Page 12)

and saw him standing out in the veranda. He was caressing the little bird and was hesitating to let it fly. Finally he opened his palms and the little bird flew high up. Philip was eagerly looking at its timid flight and then, smiling in a melancholy way when the sparrow took its way:

"If I could fly like this!" he sighed. Yes . . . If he could fly like the little bird and reach new places where no one had been before, he would be able to contemplate life in its full meaning. Then he would come back to earth and would speak out his discoveries and change the course of human life with his sayings.

"A new prophet!" people would say in amazement. "He is a sage and knows the secrets of life. Let us go to hear him." And people would flock around to listen to his golden words, the new ideals:

"*Beauty!* Yes! Beauty in everything: beauty in our daily affairs, beauty in our love, beauty in our homes, our churches, our schools and our administration; beauty in our thoughts and feelings, in our dreams and actions. Everything *must* be governed by this power which exists since man came into existence. Only a few elite minds touched for a while her heavenly garments as she passed through the enlightened paths of their visions . . . But now, she must become every one's property, which will change man into a superior creature."

He was still standing, his back leaned against the wall of my uncle's house, his eyes fixed at the point from where the little bird had disappeared, his face illuminated with a strange light of self-confidence and firmness. At that moment I had the certainty that an exceptional soul was breathing by my side. I heard him whispering with his low, fervent voice—his eyes still fixed at the grey sky:

"Teach me half the gladness
That Thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world would listen then—
as I am listening now."

The Piedmont's Alert Newspapers

THE SPARTANBURG HERALD
THE SPARTANBURG JOURNAL
THE SUNDAY SPARTANBURG
HERALD-JOURNAL

Spartanburg, S. C.

Montgomery and Crawford

HARDWARE — HOUSEWARE

SPORTING GOODS

WALLACE DuPRE

WHOLESALE AUTO PARTS

Phone 65 127 Broad

RAYLASS DEPARTMENT STORE

FOR THAT
WELL-GROOMED LOOK . . .

Greene's Barber Shop

•

"ON THE WAY TO TOWN"

Flowers For All Occasions

Fred's Flower Shop

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Building
Phone 1452

Welcome

WOFFORD

CAROLINA – PALMETTO STATE THEATRES

SPARTANBURG'S

BEST ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE and SCREEN

He pronounced the words with a deep, emotional alternation of sounds, and his hard English accent was the vivid manifestation of the fundamental element of his soul: powerful beauty, ready to be burned among the flames of a great enthusiasm.

He turned towards me and said briskly, "Good night, Paul. I'll see you tomorrow."

Their garden was easily seen from our veranda. I stayed there, looking at my friend going to his flowers. He had his own section where he had planted his own "children." Nobody dared touch them. His nostrils, wide open to the smell of the freshly dug earth, were moving nervously as he touched a beautiful bud on a rose bush. Then he approached his chickens and gave them some food to eat. He was now a normal, simple, pleased man with an expression of sincerity and affection spread all over his face.

"My little chickens are growing every day more and more . . ." he cried joyfully as he saw me still looking at him.

IV

"Paul," aunt Agnes said, as soon as I returned from my daily office work, "Philip is seriously sick. I am afraid something bad will happen. Go and see him. He asked me to tell you to go . . ."

Aunt Agnes was crying silently. Only four years ago she had lost her own eldest son. Would her sister's second son have the same fate?

"Don't worry, aunt Agnes." I tried to comfort her. "Philip will be well soon."

I met his mother in the living room crying in solitude.

"Don't worry, Madam Ida," I repeated, "Philip will soon be well. . . ."

She tapped my knee and said with her broken voice: "Philip runs a great danger, Paul. The doctor says he may survive. I lay my hopes on the mercy of God only. . . . Go and see him; he called you several times this morning."

I entered his room. He seemed to be asleep. A smile was spread on his countenance, a smile of surety and pride. He awoke at my entrance.

"Ah! Paul! You! Why didn't you come to see me all day? Come here . . . I want to tell you something. I was just seeing a dream, a very strange dream. . . . It was a dreamy, beautiful place . . . Somewhere away from this earth, on some distant planet of the Universe. The king of the realm had just died and I was to succeed him. People loved me because of my promise of a new prosperous life. And one day I was installed on my royal throne. My subjects declared fidelity and blind obedience. They would worship me as a god . . . My first step was to replace the old constitution with a new one. At last my dream would be accomplished. My ideas would soon find a fertile soil of application . . . But as I was about to put my signature below the new constitution project, I heard a voice coming from afar: 'Philip! Many kings before you, attempted to apply their utopian ideas. All have failed. Don't waste your vitality in attempting the impossible. You will fail . . . I warn you . . .' A melancholic melody was heard at the same time. I thought it was the *marche funèbre* . . . I looked around me scornfuly and I put my signature decisively on the paper. After that I awoke . . . and I saw you . . ."

The fire of his eyes was brighter than ever before, as if those eyes were the holes from where the flames of that consuming body found vent to the external world.

"Oh! Dreams!" I said forcing out a smile. "Dreams are the best story tellers I have ever known. But in this case, *your* dream, my dear Philip, predicts precisely what is going to happen in the future. You *will* sign the new constitution of the world of the *Spirit*, Philip, I believe it firmly."

"No, Paul . . . Who would dare say that? I only want to love and try my best, that's all."

It was very late in the evening when I left him.

"Come to see me tomorrow after your work," he said calmly, "I hope I will feel better . . ."

And he really felt better. A week later

BAND & WHITE

Printers

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Philip was out of danger. He had wrestled with death and defeated him for good. For several weeks, we, the young folks of the two homes, would sit all around Philip's bed and talk about everything that might be interesting to him. He was the Child of Life again. He wanted to live, to live fully, to feel broadly the meaning of joy, of love and happiness.

"Only now I know what *to live* means," he said one day. "From now on my days, my hours, my minutes even, will be the components of a conscious life. I want to live and I know that I must not destroy my health. After all, life lies before me. I will live life directly, with *my own* senses and try to draw *my own* conclusions out of *my own* experience. Books? Well . . . I will be reading some of them."

V

We were a small group of young boys and girls. And we were the guests of nature that Sunday morning of July. Philip was with us and that meant much to everybody. He had already recovered from his long sickness and seemed to me as if an entirely new person was being created out of the old ill-tempered boy.

We had left the city long before the sunrise and reached the mountain summit just when a glowing red ball was rolling over the eastern calm waters. We stood in wonder, staring at the miracle. The night was retreating with terrified steps, surprised by the sounds and colors her senses were unaccustomed to perceive. She drew quickly the folds of her black gown and we never thought of her again. The new day was born. How many such or different days had been born before her? She does not know. She only knows that she was born. She is happy to come into life, even if she will have to participate in many unpleasant and unhappy events. She will enjoy the first delight of a youthful bath into the fresh waters of the ocean; she will listen to the morning songs of the birds, songs of worship, and songs of prayers; she will pass over the lofty mountains and the humble hills; she will touch the murmuring waters of the river with her white bare feet; she will listen to the pipe of the shepherd and the ringing bells of the lambs; she will look at the labor of the man of the fields and she will eat a piece of black bread with him; she will take a short nap upon one of those white little clouds of the early afternoon. Then she will join the noise of the city, listen with sympathy to the lamentations of the miserable and the repentance of the criminal; she will be happy along with the youth, sober and wise along with the old; she will at last understand what life means and will pass peacefully away, satisfied with her short life. She has had her share, she has tasted it fully and passed this privilege to her successor. She will not die. Life is eternally renewed. Life is immortal. . . .

We were experiencing the moment greedily. But Philip was *living*—every cell of young body being an open window to that world of wonder. He was yearning for something *beyond himself*. I looked at him and my heart filled with admiration and love. Philip was a great promise for the future. He would no doubt have his share of life, and would make out of it something that men had never seen before. I heard him whispering some of his favorite verses:

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Then returning to me he said, "You know, Paul, I think I have discovered a word which can illustrate my attitude toward life. It has been unconsciously present in my mind, I do not know since when, but now it just occurred to me as I was looking at this sunrise: *Forward!* that is what I am looking for: *Forward!*

VI

. . . The last optimistic notes of the "finale" of the *Heroic Symphony* lingered in my room and finally retired in discretion. This time music had brought to me a memory, a memory of my dear friend Philip . . . Forward, Philip! No matter what is going to happen! Had not your life touched mine, I would not now know what this magic word means.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

(Continued from Page 14)

remarkable adherence to the real facts involved, in the novel, *Beauchamp*. This name is identical with the lawyer who murdered his wife's violator, Sharpe, and the details are only more heightened and the factually lacking pathos and drama instilled into them by the adroit pen of Simms. The death scene, in which husband and wife stab themselves on learning of the governor's refusal to pardon Beauchamp, lends a fragrance richly reminiscent of the love tragedy of tragedies, "Romeo and Juliet."

It is impossible in this brief summary to consider all of the varied and sundry works of this great man, but in spite of his literary shortcomings, he still stands undisputed as the greatest Southern writer before the Civil War.

1845 1945

THE DUPRE BOOK STORE

STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED

194 E. Main St. Phone 78

The Journal

The Literary Magazine
of Wofford College

Spring
1946

REC'D JUN 11 1951

The Journal

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

VOLUME LVI NUMBER THREE

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS, JR. ..... *Editor*
HOWARD B. NORTON ..... *Business Manager*
ROBERT BOYKIN ..... *Asst. Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

D. G. MCTEER, *Art*
CARLISLE RAST, *Art*
HERBERT C. FLOYD
R. K. ISLEY

BUSINESS STAFF

BOBBY COLLINS
ROBERT SWOFFORD

CONTENTS

PAGE

FICTION—
Conflict ..... *Cecil E. Mahaffey, Jr.* 4
The Debussy Piece ..... *Peter Karajeannes* 7

NON-FICTION—
Apologia ..... *John Q. Hill* 3
For a Better World ..... *John P. Mandanis* 6
Shostakovich ..... *Truett Hollis* 10

POETRY—
Nature's Symphony ..... *Warren Lane Molton* 8
My Rosary ..... *Meyer R. Sonneborn* 13

FEATURES—
Among the Books—
Theodore Dreiser and
An American Tragedy ..... *R. K. Isley* 14

Wofford College

Spartanburg, South Carolina

1854-1946

1. Standard four-year college of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.
2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.
3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.
4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.
5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.
6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write For Catalogue and Full Information To

WALTER K. GREENE,
President

APOLOGIA

By JOHN Q. HILL

. . . so I stood near the light, in order to see . . .
(Jean Colline)

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some are born mathematicians. How many misconceptions have arisen about these gentlemen with the formula-shaped minds! These men who are religious without being fanatic, who are sane but not prosaic, who see because they stand "near the light!" Are they considered impractical because of the vacancy of eye? It is the depth of infinity into which you stare! Are they cold? Unemotional? Antisocial? Have they destroyed beauty, and circumscribed God with $x^2 + y^2 = r^2$? Perhaps they have, and in so doing perhaps they have merely eliminated a few irrationalities, and now the equation will be continuous. What is a mathematician, anyway? How does a man become a mathematician? The mathematician is born with a germ of Eternity imbedded in his soul. With a question-mark in his eye. The mission of his life, his "raison d'etre," is to know, to be aware, to be cognizant. He is forever seeking to determine precisely, to measure accurately. Physicists to some extent, chemists to a greater, and even biologists go their merry way and regard theirs as a separate field, but when a step forward is taken in any of these fields it is an indication that the physicist, chemist or biologist has returned to sit beside the meek figure who does homage at the shrine of pure mathematics.

The mathematician is not one man, he is many. He is Thalles, Archimedes, Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton and Albert Einstein. He has not pulled, not impeded, but accompanied mankind from Pilt down to Hiroshima, and from the journey remains neither regrets nor delights. He was merely observing the path of a determined curve.

He is mankind's chief exponent of the doctrine of immortality. Being well-integrated himself between the two points birth and death, he perceives that these two points are only time-intercepts of a locus whose asymptates are infinity. That death is to be feared would seem to him ridiculous. What matter in which quadrant a point be found? "Is there emotion connected with the crossing of an axis," he would wonder. Then the all-seeing eye of his mind would begin to trace the probable course of the locus which is Life beyond Death.

The mathematician is a true brother to all men. Since in his various incarnations, he has seen them under all circumstances, he no longer smiles at their stupidity, their ignorance, their self-cancelling advances and reverses. Let the optimist shout, who has seen only the advances, or the pessimist moan, who sees naught save reverses. The mathematician will observe. His interest in man is caused by his hope that some day there will arise from the heavy black line of the Average, a single line which will ascend and, by its ascension, forge a path for others to follow to a higher plane of living.

So the mathematician stares, and a ray of light pierces the darkness. He takes a small stick, draws figures in the sand, and the most distant stars are forced to yield Eternal secrets. He moves his lips and distance and even time are annihilated. Kings and their kingdoms, priests and their puny religions, have withered in that solid store. More power to him! Let him remove the dross that we may see if there be gold! And the source of this awful power? Knowledge! The ability to differentiate between appearance and reality. Knowledge, the magic touch which is the difference between slave and master.

Perhaps this glance at the exponent of Eternal Truth has been pitifully myopic. I think not. However, if it has, I would at

(Continued on Page 12)

CONFLICT

A Short Story
by
CECIL E. MAHAFFEY, JR.

The sun was bright and very warm, as it shone down upon my bare body; and I was happy, and rejoiced in my newly-acquired freedom. It was only yesterday that I had been on a train headed for prison, to serve a sentence for a crime I hadn't committed. Through circumstantial evidence, only, I had been convicted of killing my own father; when in actuality, I had seen Pete, Pop's right hand man at the store, do the killing. Miraculously, I had escaped from the train, had walked three miles in the night to the river, and this morning I had luckily procured a ride down the river on this rather venerable shrimp lugger, that was now earnestly chugging its way through muddy Mississippi water.

I had decided that my best bet to avoid capture would be to go down river into the delta country. There, I knew most of the towns were fairly well isolated, and I would be reasonably safe. I planned to take leave of the boat when we reached Pilottown, because I knew this village was the last "edge" of civilization in the delta.

My new friend, the skipper of the boat, was a quiet, pleasant old man, who at first had amazed, and now amused me, by steering the vessel with spasmodic jerks of his feet, while his huge bulk reposed in a decrepit old chair. "Pascal," as he referred to himself, definitely believed in doing things his own way, I thought.

The major part of my boat ride I spent sunning myself on the dry, fish-smelling deck, having removed my shirt, and at intervals I peered over the gunwale at the changing scenery that greeted my eye. The levee, and the batture with its driftwood, weeds, and ever present willows, became lower and lower; and the surrounding countryside more open. There were large farms, cottages with big porches and playing children, and once I glimpsed the remains of a once magnificent plantation house. At one little village, several pirogues were out on the water, their occupants calling gaily to one another.

The river at Pillottown is wider than in any other place—just before it divides into its three passes—and here I took leave of my kind friend. I waved a friendly farewell to him before I jumped off the side of the boat, down into the muddy water, and headed for the opposite bank. I realized then, that I was swimming in the Mississippi, and as I cleaved through it, I felt as if it were endowing me with some of its mighty force.

I found Pilottown to my liking, especially Joe Murphy, who had employed me to work in his combination bar and restaurant, a kind of job with which I was quite familiar. Joe was a friendly, understanding man, and I became increasingly attached to him, at times envious of his simple, placid life.

The more settled and used to my new way of living I became, the more constantly I thought of Jeanne, whom I had left in New Orleans, and dearly loved—the more she continued to haunt me until eventually I could stand it no longer.

On my first Sunday in Pilottown, Joe showed me how to handle a pirogue, at which he was quite adept. Joe possessed two pirogues of his own, having made them himself by burning and hollowing out each of them from a cypress log. So on this warm day, we spent most of the daylight in the bayou, I learning the more technical points of the pirogue's handling, and Joe throwing in helpful advice and suggestions, with an occasional reference to the scenery.

At no time was I too occupied with the pirogue's maneuvering to take in the beauty of the bayou. It held a fascination for me. Sometimes the overhanging oaks, strewn with thick coats of moss, would blot out the rays of the blazing sun as we wended and winded our way.

Cypress "knees," sticking up as though the trees were squatting in the water to keep cool, demanded intricate maneuvering. Overhanging willows and palmettos screened and decorated the labyrinthian route. The unending silence was broken only by the splash of the paddle or some wild bird, calling to its mate. Every now and then a small, furry animal, a muskrat, would scurry away into the thick underbrush. Once or twice we glimpsed an alligator sunning himself on the bank. From somewhere behind a screen of vegetation, a flock of wild geese rose in unison and made an arrow flight across the sky above us.

"You're a good boy, Jim; I like you," Joe commented when he saw how dextrous I had become with the boat. This had been his frequent comment ever since he had praised me for my first day's work in the restaurant.

My prowess with my pirogue steadily increased, and often, during an off moment at the store, I would slip away and paddle deep into the dark depths of the bayou. I had a favorite retreat, a small clearing on the bank of a particularly secluded bend; and here on the soft green grass, I would often relax and ponder over many things.

It was on such an occasion that I met Helene. The sweet smell of the bayou, the constant buzzing of the insects about me, and the waving motion of the willow overhead had combined to produce a sleepy, hypnotic effect; I had lapsed off into a dreamy sleep. The noise of approaching footsteps wakened me, and I looked about indignantly to see who dared to intrude on my private domain. Suddenly a girl, who was supremely beautiful, stepped into

(Continued on Page 25)

For a Better World

JOHN P. MANDANIS

Delivered to the Preston Literary Society on April 12, 1946.

More than a hundred years ago, in the Hall of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, the sturdy voice of Ralph Waldo Emerson was heard:

"It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end. The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is one Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man."

Perhaps never before have Emerson's words found their application as they do today with the modern man. Lost as he is in the midst of the numerous influences of our time, he has confined himself to the limits of the society in which he lives.

It has been said that we live in the age of a great disintegration. The human beings that walk in the streets of the big cities are the shadowy image of what man was meant to be. Suppressed by complicated social conditions, he is compelled to adjust himself to the currents of the day. He has to live, he has to make his way, he has to go on. There is no other way he can choose but that of fighting hard. In this effort of conforming himself to society, the real man, the Emersonian Man with capital "M," fades away. And the little man, the particular individual, emerges with his own personality, his own misery of isolation from the inner and outer springs of life.

Man has lost that simplicity which characterized the primitive man. But he has gained in intellectuality. The modern mind is alert to everything that happens around him. And because he knows, he is miserable. The primitive man was happy because he did not know, because he could not know much about the world he was living in. He could not know because his mental concepts were limited and because the conditions of life were simple and uniform. He was living close to nature accompanied by his animals, the trees and the flowers, the mountains and the valleys, the sea and the sky. He was happy and satisfied because he did not ask for more than he had. He was happy because he was ignorant.

But thousands and thousands of years have passed since then. Man has become a socialized being, a small detail in the society in which he lives. He has been removed from nature and from his real self. He has lost his happiness because he is not ignorant any more. With his own hands he has built a society which turns her terrible weapons against her creator. And instead of fighting against the obstacles of nature, he has now to fight against himself. The individual man does not represent the whole conception of man any more—Emerson says. And indeed everyone of us is a side only of what constitutes the whole idea of man. We no longer know what we are looking for because there are so many things we are looking for.

It is a commonplace known to everybody, that the more comfort we have the more dissatisfied we become. This noisy age, with the riotous machines and the sensational inventions in the different fields of science, is really an age of disintegration and chaos because it offers to man so many things his mind and body cannot take hold of.

Watch for a moment the humble villager of a small village, no matter in what spot on the earth. He is a man who has no idea about what is going on in the world. From morning

(Continued on Page 22)

The Debussy Piece

By PETER KARAGEANNES

"Hey! Wake up, bud!"

"What . . . uh? What's the matter?" I asked.

We were on a wide city-street. "This is as far as I go," he said. "You'll have to get out here."

I looked at my watch. It was a few minutes after two.

"Is this it?" I asked, trying to get the sleep out of my eyes.

"Yeah. Sorry I don't go any further."

"This is all right," I said. "Let me off right here."

He stopped the car and I got out and said through the open window, "Thanks a lot. I sure do appreciate it."

"It's all right. Sorry I can't take you any further."

"Sure you won't let me pay you or something?" I asked.

"No. Forget it."

"S'long," I said. I walked away, along the dark street until I came to a small cafe. I looked up at the neon. It was called *The Rainbow's End*.

I looked through the plate-glass into the inside of the cafe and thought: What a sense of humor. What a terrific, beautiful sense of humor. The rainbow's end.

There was not much light inside and not too crowded. Three young fellows in neat clothes were sitting at a table, drinking and laughing loosely at anything that was said and smoking cigarettes. I saw several people at the bar and one fellow with his head down on the bar, sleeping.

As I walked to the rear of the cafe, I saw the piano and it surprised me because, at first, I had thought that the music was coming from a radio. I couldn't see who was playing the piano until I was almost on it—it was in the darkest part of the cafe. There was a girl sitting at the piano and I took the table nearest her.

The waiter came to the table and said, "What'll you have?"

"A beer," I said.

The girl was playing slow and well. I said, "How can you read the music in the dark?"

"I'm not reading music," she said, not looking around.

"Say," I said. "That's pretty good."

She stopped playing and looked around at me. She was not a bad-looking girl. The dress she wore was not the right thing for her and she had a sick look in her eyes. "What do you know about it?" she asked.

"Not much," I said. "But it isn't bad."

"I suppose you're a famous one looking for talent," she said.

"No," I said. "You play pretty good, though."

"I can play that one with two fingers and both eyes shut."

"You're pretty good," I said.

"Anything special you'd like to hear?" she asked.

"Yeah. Play 'All The Things You Are'."

"You like that, huh?"

"Sure," I said. "It's one of my favorites."

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "Can you imagine that?"

She played it. It was wonderful the way she did it. I was very excited watching her, the way she held her arms and the poor, sickly way she used her body.

The waiter brought the beer and I drank it, listening and watching her play. When she had finished, she looked around.

"How was it?"

"It was absolutely wonderful," I said.

"You kidding me?"

"No. It was swell. You play wonderfully well."

I don't think she believed me. "Anything else you'd like to hear?"

(Continued on Page 12)

Nature's Symphony

WARREN LANE MOLTON

Celestial light fades fast away,
And darkness soon replaces day;
The needles of the swaying pines
Prick the wind until it whines
Its woeful strain, as tender leaves
Are torn from life and tossed into
A frantic whirl: All nature reaves!

Now softly, as though breathed, comes rain,
With rhythmic patter on the pane;
The tiny, silver, crawling tears
Flood the spirit—drown life's cheers,
As down the misty glass they flow,
To shatter like the broken dreams
Of youth upon, the sill below.

Then through the gloom there breaks a flash!
The heavens thunder back a crash!
The earth responds in trembling fear,
As trenchant bolts pierce deep the sphere;
And though the transient light is spent,
Its rapier thrust that tore earth's crust,
Reveals its violent temperament.

Blown and blighted in the blast,
Deceived by morning's fair forecast,
My feathered friends forget their glee,
To seek a refuge from the sea,
That leaps its bank on Heaven's shore,
And downward streams as crystal falls,
To quench the thirst and bathe earth's floor.

With the falling of the rain,
Dreaded Melancholy fain
Would soak my dark, despondent soul,
With drops of sadness, sprays of dole;
As new-born streams erode the sod,
So he, my heart would sponge away,
And leave my soul a crumbling clod.

More softly, nature weeps and sighs,
As tempered winds now vocalize
In soothing, almost sacred tone;
Though tinctured with a somber moan,
Above this medley, strong and clear,
A lovely lay from Orpheus' lyre,
Greets the well-tuned, listening ear.

O Thracian poet! Musician great!
Play on and dare to emulate
The Heavenly artists of the Lord,
And pray that every golden chord,
That issues from each magic string,
Shall permeate my downcast soul,
And thrill my heart and bid it sing.

Then suddenly from out the west,
O'er the rain-soaked earthen crest,
Desperate in this final chance,
To clothe the world in radiance
Ere he departs, the sun uncapes,
Then thrusts he forth a blazing arm,
And gathers back the blue-gray drapes.

Near his curtained mirador;
This mighty king, inheritor
Of unknown riches in the skies,
His debut makes, and doth baptize
The glistening earth with radiant beam,
And transforms droplets on the sill,
Into diamonds rare, supreme.

My eyes engrossed in wonderment
O'er the clearing firmament,
Linger in the eastern deeps;
Nature sings—My heart leaps
For joy, as Heaven's rainbow
Doth kiss God's throne on High,
And crown His earth below.

Shostakovich[1]

TRUETT HOLLIS

Out of a world of war, suddenly and phenomenally, a brilliant star appeared on the musical horizon of a resolute Soviet Russia. Both the musical and the political world turned their heads and looked and listened. The Soviet Union had been struggling for a number of years to establish a national spirit in music, art, the dance, and literature. The spirit has been resuscitated and emphasized during the "reign" of Stalin. The Russians were on the road to success. They had eradicated the Bolshevistic characteristics from this musician's music and now he stood among the greatest contemporary composers.

Dmitri Shostakovich "has been recognized as the prime composer of the Soviet Union, has been given a semi-official position among the political and ideological leaders of his country, and is well on the way to becoming the artistic hero of those nations whose destinies are at present closely tied up with that of the Soviet Union. In speeches, public statements, newspaper and magazine articles he is referred to as the 'new Beethoven' or the 'new Berlioz;' he is discussed more than any other contemporary composer in the last twenty years."[2]

Shostakovich's career has been packed with dramatic episodes. Since his graduation from the Leningrad Conservatory in 1926, he has taught at the Conservatory and has been associated with the Union of Soviet Composers. His career of composing has been under the scrupulous supervision of the Soviet Union. After the presentation of one of his operas, his career was blacked out by a boycott of the Soviet officials who typed it as "petit-bourgeoisie Bolshevism." Shostakovich's persistence and assiduousness to bring his music up to the Soviet's merits finally won recognition. Since this time he has advanced to his present status. His prestige with conductors is a strange anomaly. His music, ultra-modern, "shapeless in style, form, and impersonal in color," is regularly played on the same program with Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, whereas the other contemporary composers' music remains unheard, unplayed, and unpublished.[3] At the mention of his name, all eyes turn and look towards him and Russia. Seldom in the history of music has a composer risen so spectacularly in such a brief time.

Born in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), September 25, 1906, of an upper-middle class family, Shostakovich passed his early adolescense very normally. His father, an engineer by education, an employee of the Department of Weights and Measures, with his professional training, and his mother, with a cultural background and artistic inclinations,[4] provided an intellectual atmosphere to the family life. Being the only boy of three children, he was adored by his mother, a woman of determination and aspiration for her children's education and happiness. Each of the children at the age of nine began to take piano lessons. Dmitri had shown no musical inclinations before this age, but on account of his mother's desire he began. He was no prodigy. He was quite normal for everyone has a basic musical predilection. After a period of study he did show an unusual skill for sight-reading rather difficult pieces.[5]

From this beginning he continued his study, which developed in him a rare and delicate talent. This talent he shares in common with his sisters.

Aside from this talent which lay dormant inside him and which needed the constant en-

[1]This is the spelling used in the *Standard History of Music*. Some writers spell it Shostakovitch.

[2]Nicolas Nabokov, "The Case of Dmitri Shostakovich" *Harpers'*, vol. 186 pp. 423, 424 (March, 1943).

[3]D. Hall, "Shostakovich's influence," *Saturday Review of Literature*, vol. 26, pp. 27-28 (October 2, 1943).

[4]One source, "Family Portrait," *Time*, vol. 42, p. 384 (August 23, 1943), says his mother, Sonya, studied piano at Leningrad Conservatory.

couraging of his mother to bring it out, Shostakovich lived a normal boyhood. He walked through the milky fogs and drizzly rains of St. Petersburg to school. He was a pale, frail, and coddled child. In the summer the Shostakovich family, like the ordinary Russian intelligensia, probably went to a suburban village to enjoy the pleasures of the great pine forests and the quiet lakes. These may have been the inspiration behind his long and gentle themes that show up invariably in the slow movements of his symphonies. The October Revolution of 1917, that is, the assumption of power by Lenin and the establishing of the Soviet Government, influenced his career greatly and made an ineffaceable mark on his life. Only eleven at the time, he is reported to have witnessed the storming of the Winter Palace by the Red Guards on October 23, 1917.[6]

In 1919, at the age of thirteen, he entered the Leningrad Conservatory, which was founded by the great composer and pianist Anton Rubinstein in 1867 and which has produced a phenomenally large group of great composers. It is a symbol for high-quality Russian music and musicians. At the conservatory Shostakovich received a thorough grounding in theory and piano. When he graduated in 1926, he was already known as the "promising young composer" and presented for graduation his First Symphony, Opus 10.[7] This formally began his career of composing.

His compositions can be divided into two definite groups or periods: the first, from his graduation from the conservatory to 1936, when he was given a boycott by the Soviet officials; the second, from 1938 to the present time. This second period shows a great change in his works. They become extremely impersonal and "by the rules." The two-year period shows a great psychological change in his regard towards the Soviet Union. He became a hardy and enthusiastic communist.[8]

His first composition, *Danses Fantastiques,* a group of three dances for the piano, seems to be inspired by a fairy story or a story told him in childhood. They are light, typically oriental in theme, and show understanding of the instrument and ability to get an expressive and descriptive effect.[9] The *Danses Fantastiques* were followed by a group of compositions, strings, and voice. Then at his graduation from the conservatory, there appeared the First Symphony, a "large and brilliantly colored work" showing a complete mastery of orchestration technique. This work was received warmly by the critics of an adult world of music. While teaching at the conservatory he produced several minor compositions.

In 1933 he left the Conservatory to join the Union of Soviet Composers, who were "pledged to support the Socialist program of construction with their art." This group of composers formed a clique, state-supported, that criticized and played each other's music and discussed the musical tendencies of contemporary music. They set the style and pace for the rest of Soviet music. They were under the guardianship of the state and were responsible to it for the standard of Russian music. Shostakovich soon became leader of this group with the title of "first composer of Russia."[10]

During his early membership he composed two ballets, *The Golden Age,* "an athletic ballet," and *The Bolt,* an "industrial ballet." The former is well known for its lively *Polka.* This is a favorite with concert artists and audiences. The *Polka* is a brightly-colored carousel of lively, rhythmical, harmonious dischords.[11] Shostakovich also wrote his Second ("October Revolution") Symphony and his Third ("May Day") Symphony during this period. They received widespread acclaim in Russia especially, because of the political ideology behind them, and for their musicianship. Then came the thundering blow in his career with the production of his opera, *Lady Macbeth of the District of Mzensk.*

(Continued on Page 16)

[5]"Biography of Dmitri Shostakovich, *Current Biography,* 1941.
[6]Nobokov, *op. cit.,* p. 425.
[7]James F. Cooke, "Dmitri Shostakovich," *Standard History of Music,* revised edition, 1936, p. 276.
[8]"Biography of Shos." *loc. cit.*
[9]Criticism by the writer.
[10]"Family Portrait," *Time,* vol. 42, p. 38 (August 23, 1943).
[11]Criticism of the writer.

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS!

Rey's
SPARTANBURG'S QUALITY JEWELERS •
153 EAST MAIN STREET

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS!

APOLOGIA

(Continued from Page 3)

least place one more glorious trait at the base of the mathematician's character. He is never dogmatic. That fact alone makes him a prince among men. He has not settled every question to even his own satisfaction. He never states without being able to demonstrate. He never says, ". . . this must be so; there must be an eternity!" The reason he does not is that he knows he can't prove it, and if the mathematician cannot, who can?

THE DEBUSSY PIECE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Play what you want," I said.

She looked at me for a minute, trying to figure me out. "I'll play one of my own," she said.

She played a Debussy piece. She played it terrifically well. When she had finished, she said, "Well?"

"That's Debussy," I said.

"Yes," she said.

"Why do you want to kid me?"

"I was just trying you out," she said.

"Can you drink a beer with me?" I asked.

"I guess so." She came over to the table and I got up and pulled her chair out for her. "Thank you," she said.

I ordered two beers. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks." I held out a lighted match and she had trouble holding the cigarette.

"How did you ever wind up like this?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know."

"You're plenty good," I said.

"I don't know. I had a chance to play with Stokowski once. He was going to tour South America."

"That's wonderful."

"I don't know what happened, though."

The waiter brought the beers. "This is one of those big ink-splotches in the white pages of life," I said.

"You're a philosopher, too," she said.

"Yeah," I said. "It's a hole in the fly-proof screen of existence."

"Ha, ha!" she laughed. "That's good."

"Thanks."

"What do you do," she asked. "Write?"

"How'd you guess?"

"No kidding? Any good at it?"

"Yes," I said. "Had to leave my home in Connecticut. It filled up with uncashed royalty checks."

"That's tough."

"No," I said. "It doesn't bother me. I'm a man. A man can always be a substance."

She drank the beer, not saying anything. "It's different with women," I said. "A woman deteriorates fast. Even if her life is good, she drops things along the way."

"Yeah," she said. "If I had the guts, I'd gas myself."

"That's the best way," I said. "But you've got something good. All you need is a few breaks."

"No wonder you're a lousy writer," she said. "You haven't been around long."

"Is that it?"

"Wait until you're around a little longer," she said.

I finished my beer and named a piece by Debussy. "Can you play it?" I asked.

"I think so. I haven't tried that one in years. It's too good for the places I've been."

"I'm crazy about it," I said.

Suddenly, she was crying. She put her head down on her arms and cried pitifully. The waiter came over.

"Did this guy insult you, Millicent?" he asked her.

She looked up, her eyes and cheeks wet but not crying now. "Beat it," she said to the waiter.

He went away. "I'm sorry," she said.

"It's nothing."

"I was thinking about that piece. I was remembering how it took me six months to learn it and how everything was something to look forward to when I was learning that particular piece."

"Well, forget I mentioned it," I said.

"No," she said. "I want to play it for you." She got up and went back to the piano. She sat for a minute, thinking about things, and then began playing.

It is the most beautiful composition ever written. When I hear it being played even by the worst performer, it makes a picture in my mind of all the sad, unhappy events that have occurred in my life. It tightens me up inside and when I have had too much to drink, it makes me cry. It is a collection of all the wonderful things I have read and a cry for humanity. It is a white sheet in a dark room and a single lilac in a million orchids. And that is only the beginning of it: listening to this girl play it now, was like being in an empty, undiscovered country with the music coming from nowhere but still there, without motivation of any sort.

I got up and looked at the back of this girl, thinking how magnificent she would have looked playing for Stokowski and how fresh and alive. Reaching in my pocket, I found an unaddressed envelope, took out the letter and put in it the ten-dollar bill I had been saving.

I wrote her name on the outside of the envelope. Millicent—the name was wrong and everything about everything was wrong and I wanted to get out of there and breathe the fresh air and go somewhere far away. As far away as I would never get even if I spent the rest of my life trying it. And I would . . . I sure would.

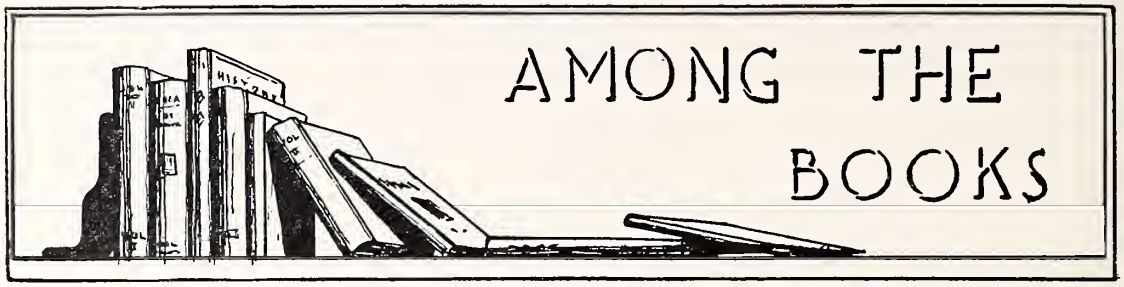
My Rosary

Each little bead a teardrop
My Saviour had to shed,
Each tiny bead a drop of blood
That came down from His head.

On each rose I say a prayer
To wash away my sin.
On each rose I meditate,
Pray, and begin again.

I move along a rose-filled path.
I kneel down to pray.
Be good, be just, do right, my son,
I hear my Saviour say.

—*Meyer R. Sonneborn.*



Theodore Dreiser and An American Tragedy

R. K. ISLEY

Without a doubt and without making the slightest reservation or exception, the greatest literary work in the field of fiction to appear in the twenties was Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. All that Dreiser wrote before this was merely a prelude, only a leading up, so to speak, to a masterpiece. But the authorities hold widely diverging views; nevertheless, I shall not consider their opinions, good or otherwise, in making this appreciation, but I will quote from them when I find it necessary.

Having mentioned that, the question would most naturally arise, who is an authority? One who holds a Ph.D.? Most assuredly not, for simpletons have been known to hold honors insofar as degrees are concerned. Another author, perhaps? Again, not at all! That would involve an explanation of your meaning and my meaning of the term "author." What are we to conclude then? Simply this: an authority is one who has read the author and understands him and, also, who has read enough work of other writers to venture an opinion on differences in style, etc.

Dreiser was not of the "social reforming" group of American authors. Most commentators agree to this and indeed they must if they or anyone else with a half-way open mind read his works. His works are as ponderous and heavy as Galsworthy's, perhaps even more tiring and laborious in detail. I think the whole tone of his writing was well-summed up by Baldwin who simply states, "He does not know what to do with life, so he tells it as he sees it, simply and honestly[1]." Dreiser does just that; he isn't concerned with the effect his tedious but painstakingly accurate detail may have on us. He must record it as he sees it and he sees it as an impartial bystander. One almost laments his lack of sentimentality, in spite of Michaud's opinion to the contrary[2]. No, he was not a sentimentalist: when I read the graphic account of Roberta's drowning on Big Bittern lake, I was almost angry that he did not feel the tragedy of the situation and possibly impart a little pathos to the narrative.

Worth noting is the singular fact that *An American Tragedy* found its inception from Dreiser's acquaintance with the details of an actual New York murder case. Having served in the newspaper game as editor of the *Delineator*, he was well-adjusted to the business of unbiased observation. Tragedy failed to unnerve him. The undeniable fact of Clyde's early life and his immunity to religious conviction does not seem to excuse him from committing the terrible crime, Dreiser ultimately brings him to perform. But isn't that the way it would and did actually happen in life? We may well say that he was the first American realist; his *Sister Carrie*, which appeared in

[1]Charles C. Baldwin, *The Men who Make Our Novels.*
[2]Regis Michaud, *The American Novel Today.*

1900, a time when didactic Victorian fiction was still in its heyday, was banned because the publishers considered it immoral and suggestive. But Dreiser's works are no more immoral or nefarious than newspaper accounts of tragedy that we chance on and read every day. Yes, he is a realist in every sense of the word, and because he is a realist, he does not appeal to everyone.

It would be difficult to attempt an analysis of Dreiser's style; perhaps, it would suffice to simply state that it is unique if not altogether in keeping with the best grammatical form. But a man who reports things so factually and impersonally with an eye to the truth and to the purest expression of what he actually sees, is not likely to be very concerned with putting it in the best English. The New York *Times* "Book Section," in an article a few weeks ago, refers to his literary style as "broken-backed sentences and blundering effort." On the contrary, I find his style delightfully refreshing. Let us consider a typical selection from chapter xxv:

"But the remedy he purchased failed to work. And because of nausea and his advice she had not gone to the factory, but lay about worrying. But, no saving result appearing, she began to take two pills every hour instead of one—eager at any cost to escape the fate which seemingly had overtaken her. And this made her exceedingly sick—so much so that when Clyde arrived at six-thirty he was really moved by her deadly white face, drawn cheeks and large and nervous eyes, the pupils of which were unduly dilated. Obviously she was facing a crisis, and because of him, and, while it frightened, at the same time it made him sorry for her. Still, so confused and perplexed was he by the problem which her unchanged state presented to him that his mind now leaped forward to the various phases and eventualities of such a failure as this. The need of additional advice or service of some physician somewhere! But where and how and who? And besides, as he now asked himself, where was he to obtain the money in any such event?"

The story of Clyde Griffiths and his crime is as logical and plausible as one could imagine possible. And, all through the latter half of the book, prior to the actual committing of the crime, one has the clear impression that Clyde is rushing on, unimpeded, to a certain doom.

Material that would be profitable to a student of abnormal psychology is to be found in the slow development of the idea to murder Roberta. Let us trace it in some little detail. Clyde Griffiths, son of mission-minded parents, leaves his parents' home in Denver and migrates first to Kansas City, later to Chicago, and finally to New York, where he finds employment with a rich uncle of his whom he fortuitously met while serving as a bell-hop in one of the hotels in Chicago. After his arrival in New York and after beginning work for his uncle, he is allowed to continue unmolested and unaided in his work. In time, he is made subforeman over a department, in the collar factory in which he works, and as a consequence, is direct head over a number of girls. As he is not unattractive, he is at once made the object of the affections of some of the girls. At first, adhering to a strict principle of the company, he ignores them, but at length becomes infatuated with a demure girl named Roberta Alden, breaks his standard of strict conformity and after much persuasion manages to meet her clandestinely after working hours. At first their relations are quite honorable, but later evolve into a sordid condition. Later, she announces that she is with child, and it is almost simultaneous with this announcement that he meets the beautiful and wealthy Sondra Cranston. Clyde, wishing to elevate himself in society and actually being in love with Sondra, at first deceives Roberta, leading her to believe he still loves her. In the meantime, they seek medical aid to avert the birth of their illegitimate child. But no reputable doctor will aid them, and they soon learn that no real doctor can be induced to perform an abortion. At a somewhat later date, Roberta learns of Clyde's affair with the other girl, and as a last-minute and desperate measure, after much pervaricating on his part, threatens him with an exposé before the world if he does not marry her before the birth of the child. After much de-

(Continued on Page 20)

SHOSTAKOVICH

(Continued from Page 11)

When "The Lady" was first produced in Moscow, it received wild acclaim. It is based on the novel by Nikolai Leskov which deals with a Russian woman in the nineteenth century. It depicts a selfish, jealous woman, a neurotic, who schemes to free herself from her husband so she can marry her lover. Overwhelmed by her passionate love for the man, she goes to all extremes to get him. First she poisons her father-in-law, persuades her lover to kill her husband, and finally drowns herself, dragging down with her the woman who had eventually lured her lover away. It is a malignant and acrid satire on the rich merchant class of Czarist days. This opera was the first in a series of four planned to trace the change in position of Russian women since 1840. The premiere of the "Lady" received thirty-five minutes of hysterical applause. Some of the critics praised it and some condemned it. It was lauded for "the uncanny way the orchestra described each character, each situation" and was criticized as "vulgar, imitative, cheaply cynical."[12]

Near the end of its sensational run in Moscow, *Pravda,* official newspaper of the Soviets, suddenly lashed out at it. The "official" critics condemned Shostakovich's "deserting the classical path to which Soviet music should cling" and also called the "Lady" a "petty bourgeoisie Leftist." Following *Pravda's* example, the other critics accused Shostakovich of "pseudo-modernism, disorder instead of music, mad rhythms, a confused blow of sound, and of being mislead by bourgeoisie tendencies." They added that Shostakovich was "not past hope" and was "gifted enough to rehabilitate himself in the future."[13]

Two years later the "reformed" composer returned to Russian public life an officially changed man, one who had seen his faults and had corrected them. These two years of "inner self-criticism during which he had aban-

---

[12] 'Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," *Newsweek*, vol. 3, p. 29 (Dec. 1943).
[13] Nabokov, *op. cit.*, p. 428.

Since 1931 Spartanburg's Leading Jewelers

Kosch & Gray

SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS

Nationally Known — Watches
Diamonds
Jewelry

If It's From Kosch and Gray — *It's Guaranteed*

doned all original musical thinking for the 'service to the cause'."

Shostakovich, as the leading composer of Russia, was receiving the blame for the entire trend of Soviet art at that time (1936). In his period he composed two symphonies, the Fourth and Fifth, the former which was cancelled after the first rehearsal by the composer, who said that he had not yet learned his lesson. The Fifth was a great triumph for him. It received great acclaim and brought him back to public life. For this symphony, the "glorification of the October Revolution," he was officially recognized as "changed." The Third Movement was described by Edwin Schooss of Philadelphia as "Comrade John Phillip Sousa, in blouse and boots."

After the Fifth, the Sixth soon appeared. It was dedicated to the memory of Lenin and was well received by Moscow.[14]

At the outbreak of World War Two, Shostakovich, upholding his beliefs in Russia, joined the Leningrad homeguards and became a firefighter. Fighting in the seige of Leningrad, Shostakovich saw the struggle of man against an veritable barbarian foe. He worked with men with their backs against the wall, stubbornly resisting defeat. Stirred by this scene, Shosakovich wrote his Seventh Symphony, "Leningrad Symphony." In it he pictures the idyllic peace of Soviet Russia before the war, then the approaching war, and the brave fight for Leningrad. The Symphony has a demanding, marching rhythm with bursts of brass and percussion instruments. The main criticism of the symphony is its incoherence and imitative qualities; otherwise it is a masterpiece of orchestration.

This musical expression of war attracted great attention throughout the world. Bids were immediately made by American orchestras for the American premiére. Maestro Toscanini, conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra and the greatest contemporary conductor, won the honor. The background of the symphony's American premiére is one of the most interesting and highly publicized feats of contemporary music.

[14]"Biography of Shos." *loc. cit.*

Welcome

WOFFORD STUDENTS

To

SPARTANBURG'S MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

Gifts For All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street

Phone 918 Spartanburg

Robkin & Gelburd

Spartanburg's Most Modern Men's and Boys' Wear Shop

•

"QUALITY"
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

•

156 East Main St. — Telephone 4147
Spartanburg, South Carolina

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale Druggist

CHARLESTON — SPARTANBURG
GREENVILLE
SOUTH CAROLINA

After negotiations for the premiére had been completed, there was the problem of getting the 252-page score to America and then having copies printed for each of the instruments in the 110-piece orchestra which was to perform it. A new scheme was tried. Each page of the score was photographed on a 100-foot roll of film. The film, sealed in a tin can, wrapped in Soviet newspapers, and packed in a small wooden box, was flown from Moscow to Teheran for the first leg of the long journey. Carried by auto from Teheran to Cairo, the film was then flown to New York.

On arriving in New York, it was rushed to the publishing house which had contracted to print the scores. After much trouble in blowing up the pictures to a natural size, because of their overexposure in Russia, the plates were ready for the press. The date for the concert had been set. The publishing house had to go on a twenty-four-hour schedule to get the scores ready. For the orchestration prints, 2,830 were required. Toscanini was anxious for a score from which to study. To add to the many worries of the publishers, was a paper shortage. In the midst of printing the final scores, the dull-finish paper supply was exhausted and priorities prevented the purchase of it. In desperation a chance was taken on glossy paper, hoping that the bright lights above the orchestra would not blot out the notes on it.

Finally, after a mad rush and hard work, the scores were ready for the musicians. During the time between the printing of the first and last scores, Toscanini had memorized the complete work, 252 pages.[15]

The big day, July 19, 1943, finally came. The NBC studio-auditorium was packed to capacity while outside a violent storm was raging. Everyone was tense. The best critics were there, the photographers were hurrying about, and a television test was to be made.[16]

The orchestra began the Seventh Symphony at 5:03 and finished it at 6:15. "Seventy two minutes priced at $10,000!" This was

[15]Tussiers, "Library Photography," *Library Journal*, vol. 67, p. 674-6 (August, 1942).

[16]"Premiere of the Year," *Newsweek*, vol. 20, p. 505 (August 27, 1942).

marked with a deafening loudness which the radio could not fully reproduce.[17]

After the last blaring chords there was a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience. The real test would be the critics. The next day there was an almost unanimous acclaim of it, yet some were a little hesitant. Dorothy Thompson, in a review of it, said, "Under the siege of Leningrad, Shostakovich wrote his Seventh Symphony, which has since become one of the most powerful expressions in the art of war, not only for Russians, but for all people of the United Nations. Yet this symphony, so expressive of our age, records a return to the traditional, the emotional, and the 'grand line'."[18] The effect on the people as a whole is summed up by the Chicago *Sun's* Oscar Thompson: "If it is not a masterpiece to go thundering down the ages, it does thunder— and for a particular time of war and the emotions of war it thunders well."[19] In a feature that *Life* ran on the symphony it stated that, "The Russian composer's newest symphony has become a symbol of the Soviet's brave fight."[20]

It seems that it is almost unpatriotic not to like Shostakovich's music, therefore, the critics tread lightly for fear of hampering our international relations with Russia.

His latest symphony appeared in 1943. The Eighth does not equal the Seventh in its popularity and did not receive as wide an acclaim in America.

Shostakovich is still composing. Recently he won $10,000 for a piano quintet in a contest which the Soviets sponsored. Lately he has ventured into composing background music for the cinema. His works have encompassed an enormous field and volume, considering the short span of his composing career.

Very few critics have made an honest analysis of Shostakovich's works as a whole. There are probably several reasons for this practice of the "hands off" principal. His music as a whole is so incoherent that a broad criticism can hardly be made. Also, when one begins a discussion of him, one ends up in a political discussion. Russia is a delicate subject; Shostakovich is a delicate subject.

The composer himself sums up his ideas for us. "Music," he contends, "cannot help having a political basis, an idea that the bourgeoisie are slow to comprehend—There can be no music without ideology—" (meaning political ideology). "The old composers, whether they knew it or not, were upholding a political theory. The intrinsic quality of a work depends upon its importance to the revolutionary progress of mankind." Shostakovich is much like the man of the Middle Ages who worked with zeal and self-sacrifice as a servant of a cause he considered higher than himself and his art.[22]

Is Shostakovich's art great? Is it unique and incomparably better than most modern music? Certainly not. There are many composers who write better and have much more to say than Shostakovich. American and alien composers in this country have composed music which sees the concert hall much less, but says infinitely more than Shostakovich's celebrated Seventh Symphony. He does not merit the acclaim he is receiving here; neither will he deserve the inevitable reputation which will follow in history. This is shameful evidence that contemporary music is judged indiscriminately and contemporary composers are used irresponsibly.

---

[17]"Shostakovich Sells Symphony for $10,000," *Life*, vol. 15,, pp. 43-44 (November 22, 1943).

[18]"Seventh Symphony," *Saturday Review of Literture*, vol. 25, p. 29 (August 2, 1943).

[19]"Shostakovich's Seventh," *Time*, vol. 40, p. 50 (July 27, 1942).

[20]"Shostakovich Premiere," *Life*, vol. 13, pp. 98-100 (November 9, 1942).

[21]Nabokov, *op. cit.* 426-7.

[22]*Ibid.*

950 ON YOUR DIAL

WSPA

NEWS

SPORTS

MUSIC

ENTERTAINMENT

Greenewald's, Inc.
Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store
◈
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

EAT
AT
THE ELITE
•
"Where The Elite Meet To Eat"

VISIT
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
MEN'S SHOP

The Citizens & Southern National Bank
OF SOUTH CAROLINA
•
No Account Too Large None Too Small
•
Charleston - Columbia - Spartanburg
Member F. D. I. C.

THEODORE DREISER AND AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page 15)

liberation Clyde begins to carry out plans to this effect, but one day while perusing one of the local papers, reads of an incident in which the hats of a boy and girl were found on the surface of a lake, and the account of a later search revealing only the body of a young girl. It is at this very point that the prime motive presents itself and the beginning of an eternal cycle which Dreiser has termed, "The Eternal Equation." From this time on, Clyde has no peace of mind. At times, he recoils from even the thought of committing such a crime; at others he works the details out with fiendish ingenuity. To be brief, the thought ever before his mind so torments him, that he persuades Roberta to go to the lake with him. In the canoe and with the stage set, he is afraid to go through with his crime. At any rate, accident or premediated move, she is thrown in the water and he lets her drown. There you have stark tragedy, but it is a natural thing.

In the trial of Clyde Griffiths, Dreiser remains remarkably impartial, and in the courtroom scene, the prosecuting attorney, Mason, is not painted as the conventional criminal has been in the past. Indeed, there are no criminals in Dreiser's work, because real criminals actually don't exist. For stirring courtroom scenes one should read this; all the suspense of a real trial is here.

I suppose in some novels, the rich young girl would plead with her father and persuade him to let her testify at the trial on behalf of the guilty Clyde; perhaps she would even perjure herself in order to exonorate him. Does Dreiser do that. Would that always happen in life? No, Dreiser wrote just exactly as the circumstances would naturally occur. Sondra's father, realizing the odious nature of the case and the implications it is envolving his family in, at once decides to take the family away to an obscure resort. And what does Clyde's uncle do? The most natural and consequential thing for him to do; he hires the

best attorneys for Clyde but refuses to enter the trial personally. And what do the parents and relatives of the deceased Roberta do? No, they do not swear vengeance, but appear at the trial. Consider the plot, if I may call it a plot, so natural, so sound, so real!

The book closes with a noticeable absence of that "final" and hitherto undiscovered evidence that will clear Clyde. We are surprised to see the Governor refusing to pardon Clyde even at the intercession of his mother and members of the clergy. Dreiser, even though all of us cannot agree with him, did not believe that religion or social readjustment was the answer to crime.

Baldwin has said that Dreiser cannot be read in an evening or in commuting between work and home; that is quite true, he must be read with laborious pain. But the lesson gained is worth all the hours of wading through those two four-hundred-page books.

Yes, a careful, even month's reading of *An American Tragedy* is an investment in an understanding of human nature and a realization that, after all, everybody passes through pretty much the same circumstances in life, nearly everyone is governed and harassed by the same passions and motives that consumed Clyde Griffiths and that lead us to repeat over that old phrase, "It is a small world." The *American Tragedy* is truly great because in some sense or in at least one instance it parallels the lives of every one of us.

JARMAN SHOES DOBBS HATS

PRICE'S

"STORE FOR MEN"

113-115 North Church Street

MANHATTAN SHIRTS BEAU-BRUMMEL NECKWEAR

PHONE 237

204 E. Main St. Phones 62 and 63

MAXWELL BROTHERS & QUINN

FURNITURE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Wofford's First Launderers

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY INC.

Phones 32 and 543

1845 1945

THE DUPRE BOOK STORE

STUDENTS CORDIALLY WELCOMED

194 E. Main St. Phone 78

PORTRAITS
For The
Discriminating
Young Man
Should Be Made at
WEST STUDIOS
158½ East Main St. Phone 2311
— Also —
Choice Selection of
Leather and Metal Frames
Photo Stamps, 100 for $2.50
Suitable for Christmas Cards and Identification
Personalized Photo Cards Made
From Your Favorite
Picture

CROFT'S
QUALITY JEWELERS
123 E. Main St. · Spartanburg, S. C.
Your Friendly
Jeweler

FOR A BETTER WORLD

(Continued from Page 6)

to night he is concerned with something definite: his home, his family, his cattle, his fields, his church; these are his life and these are the whole universe for him. His labor has its inevitable reward: a simple but real happiness, untouched by the poisons of the modern civilization. He is not very demanding, that is why he is happy. He has, no doubt, his problems and he is often in great distress; but sooner or later he overcomes all the obstacles, or bears with submissive patience the blows of Fate. He is the child of nature, and it is in her arms that he finds consolation and courage. He is the man of integrity because of his simplicity.

Follow now the troubled steps of the man of the town or of the city and try to discern some aspects of his life. Here is a picture that will leave you with a sense of uncertainty. Do those laborers, the employees, the teachers, the lawyers or the doctors, as individuals, represent the same man? Isn't it that each one of them is "himself" or "herself?"

Is then man lost?—Fortunately no! He has simply gone too far. He has lost the connections with the first forces that brought him to life. These forces have never ceased to exist. They are oppressed and imprisoned in the depths of our existence. They are silent, waiting for the day of their triumph. We see them making their manifestation in the little baby. But how quickly they disappear, giving their place to some unworthy enemies who bring to his tender soul misery and unhappiness.

And yet the modern man is far more advanced than his primitive predecessors. There is a History standing behind him; there is the tradition of a whole civilization which, along with its bad results, has given to man the immortal works of the great minds that grasped the whole meaning of life and gave voice to the untold truths and realities. The modern man has the advantage of perceiving life, not only through his senses, but through a cultivated mind with a powerful conscience, assisted by crowding and refined emotions, completely unknown in the remote past. But he

has paid very dearly for this superiority. He has torn his soul into pieces. And very seldom can he obtain peace and happiness. He could be happy if he knew how, but generally he does not know and that is what he is now struggling to achieve. Through the several gloomy pathways of the labyrinth of life he is trying to find the right one which will bring him out into the bright open fields of prosperity. He is dying for a small seed of happiness.

Modern Art is a vivid illustration of the spirit of our time. Disintegration, deformity, distortion, vagueness, and always a deeply painful experience. This is the background. The modern artist, no matter what the material with which he expresses the secret of his soul, is generally a wretched creature. His intelligent mind, led by a deep sensibility, has caught all the messages of our time and responded to them with sincerity. He realizes that we have taken the wrong way, that we have deceived ourselves. He knows it, and he weeps desperately, trying to discover new ways of expression. He thrusts his nails deep into the unsearched regions of the subconscious, and by breaking all accepted forms he tries to create new ones. He knows that this is a transitory period, a step which will lead humanity to something better, though yet invisible. He hopes and we hope with him.

An attempt to solve the problems of today would be perhaps impossible. There are several others who might be able to do it. Some suggestions, however, might find a proper place here.

I have always believed that one of the most important forces that tend to shape better life is *nature*. Nature in its loveliness and harshness, in its humbleness and sublimity, is the powerful stimulus which could undoubtedly save us. It is of course impossible to overlook the present social conditions. We are carrying on our shoulders the burden of an old tradition; we cannot get rid of it at once. Besides, the multitude of those precious gifts that the great men of history have offered to humanity are an inheritance which cannot and

BAND & WHITE

Printers

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

must not be eliminated. I would never have myself live without hearing a piece of classical music, or seeing a great Shakespearean play performed on the stage, or reading a great poem or novel. That is what makes our world broader. That is what makes me feel that I am not only a part of this particular society but a part of an Infinite Universe. That is what makes me understand that a part of this Universe lives in my soul. Moreover, I would never deprive myself of all these things that make our life easier and better, these comforts that give us the leisure to think beyond the particular details of life.

I would personally like to combine in my life the everlasting charm of nature with the great achievements of the human mind. I would like to live in a more simplified and sincere world. We don't need the great cities with the sky-scrapers. We need a comfortable home, yes, but a home in nature, surrounded by nature, where God speaks directly to our souls, where we become ourselves again.

Perhaps—who knows?—the future of this atomic age will give us this opportunity. Science is knocking at the door of the, as yet, unattainable. And perhaps a better world will emerge out of this uncertainty, a world illuminated with the bright lamp of the scientist. Perhaps, in this new world, we shall be able to regain the simplicity of the child, enforced by our grown mentality. But this needs individual support and effort. We young people, still fresh and alive, can develop the hidden forces whose germs still exist in the uncultivated depths of our souls. Only society and often ourselves, do not give them a chance to come out. We all, if not know, feel at least what is goodness, justice, honesty, duty, and above all, what is love. But how often we give up with them, because we are not strong enough to face the pettiness of our neighbors, and because we must carry this life on by deceiving ourselves and society, since it does the same thing to us. However, we have all been endowed with these superb elements which, under other social conditions, could raise us to the loftiest heights of intellectual, moral, social, and artistic achievements. We could possibly reach the goal with the support of science and with our own efforts and will.

I realize that this is a hard enterprise, perhaps a utopian desire. Nevertheless, in spite of all obstacles, in spite of the enemies that lurk behind each corner of the street, in spite of our own low tendencies, let us lead our steps to the summits for which God created us; let us free our hearts from the disease that society has bequeathed to us; let us work for a healthier and simpler society; let us ascend the steep slope of the mountain with the innocent carelessness of the child and the virile decisiveness of the man! Nothing is impossible provided we have the will to do it.

We, who shall be the generation of tomorrow, must work for a better world.

The poet once said:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Robert Browning exceeded the human grasp of his time, and became immortal. Let us exceed ours, whatever the limits of our abilities may be. We may not reach the summit, but we shall have contributed to the betterment of this world.

Flowers For All Occasions

Fred's Flower Shop

WE WIRE FLOWERS

Montgomery Building
Phone 1452

CONFLICT

(Continued from Page 5)

the clearing. If she was startled at seeing me, I was even more so at her. Her resemblance to Jeanne was remarkable, and even dangerously so, I felt for some reason.

"Hello," she ventured, and approached me. "My name is Helene Mercedes." "What's yours?"

"Jim Theriot," I answered. "I work in town."

"I live right over there." She gestured toward the thick foliage, but of course I could see nothing. As she turned and pointed, I noticed how well her dress fit, and a strange feeling I had never felt before rose within me. When she gazed full into my face, I did into hers, drawn by her irresistible charms. Her nearness suddenly made me uneasy—I wanted to get away. In a daze, I managed to clamber back into my boat and feverishly paddled back to town.

The days passed into weeks, and it was well into summer when the storm struck. Though I had seen Helene frequently at our first meeting place, Jeanne more and more tormented my dreams, as if she was fighting an invisible battle with Helene.

On a particularly hot, wind-stilled day, the hurricane came upon the village with sudden fury, leaving devastation in its wake. Trees were torn up by their roots; and many of the frailer trappers' cabins were demolished. The high winds had forced Gulf water up the river, inundating the town, and with the driving rain, had wreaked general havoc. I had been in the bayou just before the storm had struck, so I brought Helene back to the restaurant with me, for the safety of a better constructed building. The storm raged until dusk and then quickly abated; and it was well into the night, while sitting with Helene, that I realized I hadn't seen Joe in the building at all since the storm. I got up, looked into the kitchen, and then the front, knowing that he might possibly be there. I called to him a few times; my voice sounded strange and powerful in the quiet and empty rooms—but to no avail. But

The Piedmont's Alert Newspapers

THE SPARTANBURG HERALD
THE SPARTANBURG JOURNAL
THE SUNDAY SPARTANBURG HERALD-JOURNAL

Spartanburg, S. C.

Montgomery and Crawford

HARDWARE — HOUSEWARE

◈

SPORTING GOODS

Welcome

WOFFORD

CAROLINA – PALMETTO STATE THEATRES

◈

SPARTANBURG'S

BEST ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE and SCREEN

then Joe and thoughts of everything else left my mind as I realized that Helene and I were alone in the dark, together.

Reentering the room, I saw Helene's well-defined form standing in the pale light of the moon that shone through the window. I walked slowly up to her, and as I reached her, she put her arms around me, bringing her body close to mine. In a sudden passion, I pressed her closer, and pressed my lips to hers in a hard, ardent kiss.

And then, in the darkness, it came to me. My infatuation for Helene was purely physical, but my love for Jeanne was real, pure love, that came from within, from my very soul. I wanted to hold Jeanne in my arms, then, and tell her how much I missed her, and wanted her, and needed her.

I let Helene drop from my arms. In a daze, I rushed madly out of the room, and the building, out onto the unreal, moon-sheathed landscape. Running to my pirogue, I grasped one end and dragged it bodily out of the water and over the storm-wrecked land, toward the boiling and swelling river, glistening like a huge and sinuous snake. In a mad passion I threw it into the water, and myself into it; and I paddled with all my quickly summoned energy up the river—faster and faster, harder and harder.

I always think back on that dark and mysterious night with a queer and appalling sense of wonderment. What eerie force had compelled me to dash madly away from that strange and silent town, as if my very soul was in danger of hell? The fact that I was a hunted man never once entered my mind, as I paddled furiously up the river. The strange yet sweetly compelling urge to be with Jeanne dominated my brain.

No boats were out on the river at this time of night, and the majestic feeling of being sole possessor of the liquid black river overcame me.

Reality came back to me, and I slowed down my paddling, of necessity, because I was fast tiring. Bucking the current of the Mississippi in a pirogue was quite a job.

The ghostly ruins of a plantation house on the bank attracted my attention by the stark unreality of its huge white bulk rising out of the low, black land. I know I certainly couldn't paddle all the way to New Orleans; my aching muscles belied any such notion. So I maneuvered the pirogue toward a rotting and half-sunken pier, which was as natural a part of the surroundings as could be imagined. Pulling the boat up upon the soft bank, I gazed in awe at the splendid ruins before me. The massive building gave an aspect of majestic grandeur to the surroundings. Above me, in the old oak trees, ghostly swaths of silvery moss waved in the cool night breezes as I approached the great house. Intent on finding a reasonably comfortable sleeping place, I crossed the wide porch, and walking through the long since doorless entrance, I stepped into a large, high-ceilinged room that smelled of stale air and moisture. Heading for the nearest corner, I dropped to the floor in an exhausted heap, and

WALLACE DuPRE
WHOLESALE AUTO PARTS
•
Phone 65 127 Broad

RAYLASS DEPARTMENT STORE

left my then confused, conscious world for a forgetful, unconscious one.

The next morning I left my pirogue for a quicker and less manual expedient—a small fishing trawl headed for New Orleans, that I hailed from the bank that morning, and whose skipper readily complied with an obliging smile. Jeanne was all I thought of during the trip, and when I arrived in New Orleans, the anticipation was unbearable.

My soul leaped in unbounded joy as I tread the familiar narrow streets, smelled the familiar smells, and heard the familiar voices and sounds that had been part of my everyday surroundings since I could first remember.

I greeted Tony, of "Tony's Fish Market" with a smile, and from over a table of shrimp he called out, "Hello, Jimmie," his jovial grin revealing tobacco-stained teeth. These people knew that I was not a murderer; that I had not killed my father. All of us were the same sort of people, living together in peace and harmony. Together we worked and played.

My heart grew lighter as I approached the familiar house that was Jeanne's. I climbed the dimly lighted passage to her room, my heart pounding and blood rushing to my head. And there she was, Jeanne, waiting for me.

Jeanne melted into my arms as I gave vent to my aching pent-up love.

"Oh, Jimmie, I knew it was you," she sobbed. "I could tell by your steps."

"Darling, I had to come back—to you—you'll always be part of me—and I will die if I can't have you," and I clung to her desperately.

With tear-filled eyes, Jeanne looked up at me, smiling, her face radiant and beautiful. "Jimmie, you won't have to go back to jail. Pete was shot, down at the store, in a fight one night last week; and before he died, he told the police that you hadn't killed Pop, but he had. Jim, Pete was really good, deep down inside of him. Don't you think so, Jim?"

"Oh, God, thanks so much," I murmured reverently, and as I held Jeanne closer I answered her question. "Sure he was, darling—yes, he must have been."

FOR THAT
WELL-GROOMED LOOK . . .

Greene's Barber Shop

•

"ON THE WAY TO TOWN"

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301